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The White-Robed Army.

IT is but a little while since the Prime Minister addressed some words of warning to the modern missionary. He pointed out the change in international life which so vitally transforms the Apostolic vocation as regards its political aspects. The missionary of the nineteenth century is no longer a simple preacher of Gospel truth. However much the religious motive may prevail over every other in the choice he has made, and the work he performs, he is, nevertheless, a representative, at the same time, of his country's influence, and however willing he may be to lay down his own life for the faith that is within him, he has to remember that his death would not be a private concern, but an injury which his whole country might be called upon to avenge.

To sum up the whole matter, the missionary does not belong to himself alone, nor must he entirely sunder the religious and the political aspects of his work. He has no right to go out gaily with the hope of laying down his life for Christ, for this might mean laying down a number of other lives also, and not solely for Christ. When he raises the Cross before the eyes of the heathen, he is to keep a backward glance for the gunboat that follows; when he speaks to his pagan hearers of the Kingdom of Heaven, he is not to forget the possible complications that may arise between the kingdoms of earth.

To some this will seem a sorry metamorphosis of the glorious destiny of preacher and martyr for the faith. We all remember our child-like conception of the Christian confessor, standing erect before the pagan judge, answering his threats with a noble scorn, hurling defiance at the golden idol, before which stood the smoking censer, awaiting just that one grain of incense which was to be weighed in the scales against the martyr's life. Nor was that conception false, though it existed, like other conceptions of childhood, in a kind of ideal purity, representing the fundamental fact without its practical

and inevitable accessories. It represented what truly happened, but not all that truly accompanied the event. For history repeats itself, and as later martyrdoms have not always taken place on quite such clearly-cut issues, so we may surmise it to have been the case with earlier ones likewise, though undoubtedly the increasing complexity of modern life tends more and more to rob the central fact of its simplicity.

Lord Salisbury's words were hardly uttered, when there rang in our ears the terrible cry of distress from our fellow-Christians and countrymen in the Far East. As we write, the fate of numbers hangs in the balance, and statesmen and missionaries, with their followers, are facing the possibility of an appalling death. Many and various are the motives which have taken them to a land in which their lives are thus exposed. Some have gone for their own interests, others from duty, others, again, for the sole, or, at any rate, chief motive, of making known the faith. But the murders perpetrated, how many soever they may be, will be wholly without regard to such distinctions.

For native Christians the question will be more or less definite; they must, in many cases, choose between death and apostasy; but to others no alternative will be proposed, as in earlier days, between the worship of Christ and that of Jupiter. No peace or honour could be gained by embracing the revolting form of heathenism professed by their executioners, and their lives will not really depend on their fidelity to the faith in their last moments. Can they then be termed martyrs in the true sense of the word, since the death, even of those who have gone out simply to preach the Gospel, is the result rather of national than of religious hatred, and they are killed more because they are Europeans than because they are Christians.

In answer to such a question, we know quite well that the popular voice, which was the earliest agent of canonization, which proclaims the great facts of a life, while ignoring its less important details, will forget all such distinctions as we have mentioned, and, while leaving individual cases to be judged on their own merits, will number the phalanx of Christian missionaries who, with their followers, are massacred in China, amongst the white-robed throng, whose garments are stained with the blood which they have shed for Christ.

Martyrdom does not depend, then, on a choice of alternatives, nor on the exact motive of the persecutor. It is based on

grounds more spiritual and intrinsic, less subject to external causes. It almost invariably happens, in the dull routine of common usage, that more and more stress comes to be laid on the outward, less and less on the inward meaning of a term. Thus, the conception of a martyr as a man *who dies* for faith or charity passes into that of one *who is killed* for the same reason; the heroism of the soul is hidden under the picture of the bodily torments, and the part of the executioner absorbs an undue share of importance as compared with the constancy of his victim. In all these questions the difference is rather in what we emphasize than in what we say, but the distinction, nevertheless, remains between the spiritual and material conception of all such acts.

It is not then simply the deed of a pagan executioner that can bestow on his victim an everlasting crown, nor can martyrdom effect the sudden growth of heroic virtue out of a soil that previously contained not even its seed. It is true that neither the life of the soul nor the workings of Divine grace are things to be measured by time; still, however rapid the development of that inward heroism which is made manifest in the martyr's death, it is nevertheless in the soul itself that it exists, and the outer sufferings so nobly borne can disclose, but not create, the inner act of final self-sacrifice to the highest cause. Martyrdom is not then to be regarded as the accidental conferring of a patent of nobility, requiring merely acceptance on the part of the receiver, but rather as the uncovering of that intrinsic nobility which lay fathoms deep beforehand; it finds out worth rather than makes it. It is, in fact, like the landslip, which lays bare to the geological student the buried strata in an area previously covered; it is a convulsion, dependent on external causes, which opens out a region of inward spiritual life. And when we say that it lays it bare we mean not only or chiefly to others, but still more to the soul itself.

Oliver Wendell Holmes tells us, in the suggestive way in which he has enunciated so many philosophical truths, how John and Thomas, talking together, make, not two, but six people, viz., John's Thomas, Thomas's Thomas, and God's Thomas, and, on the other side, John's John, Thomas's John, and God's John. Now God's John is as little known to John himself as he is to Thomas—nay! even less, sometimes. Our own deepest feelings are, during the greater part of our lives, hidden and unconscious. The self that God knows lies buried under the petty longings

and labours and pleasures of external life. Only at moments do we catch a glimpse of that deeper personality which is to the outer presentation as the hidden fire of the volcano to the smoke that darkens its crater. But in moments of crisis, of disruption, of intense pain or joy, that inner self is for a moment disclosed, for a few seconds our life is unified, and we live in all our fundamental fulness. It is but a moment, and again we are flooded with the multiplicity of outer things, and are as the man who has seen his face in a glass, and again forgotten what manner of man he was. But it is the longing to realize this deeper life that unconsciously inspires the love of danger, even at the cost of pain, and that lends a mysterious joy even to moments of the most intense anguish. It is life in its true sense that we are blindly seeking, for we were born to live, and yet it seems the one thing we have never time to do.

Matthew Arnold has beautifully expressed this unconscious longing in the following words :

But often, in the world's most crowded streets,
 But often, in the din of strife,
 There rises an unspeakable desire
 After the knowledge of our buried life,
 A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
 In tracking out our true original course ;
 A longing to inquire
 Into the mystery of this heart that beats
 So wild, so deep in us, to know
 Whence our thoughts come and where they go.
 And many a man in his own breast then delves,
 But deep enough, alas, none ever mines ;
 And we have been on many thousand lines,
 And we have shown on each talent and power,
 But hardly have we, for one little hour,
 Been on our own line, have we been ourselves ;
 Hardly had skill to alter one of all
 The nameless feelings that course through our breast,
 And long we try in vain to speak and act
 Our hidden self, and what we say and do
 Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true.¹

George Eliot gives a touching description of the lonely widower, whose sense of loss is already half deadened, and who hangs over his wife's grave until he can be refreshed by a spasm of true grief. For in this life those deeper realities, though they may be uncovered in moments of great joy, are more frequently disclosed by sorrow.

¹ *The Buried Life.*

And if our love for those who are bound to us by the ties of blood and human friendship is thus hidden away from their knowledge, and even from our own, so that only from time to time it can leap forth and make its existence known, how much more shall this be true of that spiritual love, which is still more imperfectly expressed in all our outer acts? "Art Thou a King?" ask the lovers of Christ of their Master, when they see how poor the visible results even in those who call themselves His followers.

"Christus vivit! Est-ce bien, sûr?" [exclaims a modern French writer]. En soi cette survivance de Christ dans les âmes est quelque chose de si merveilleux qu'il faudrait une double évidence pour nous amener à le croire. Mihi vivere Christus est. Ces mots nous étonneraient fort; si un long usage n'en avait peu à peu, pour le plus grand nombre de ceux qui les lisent, atténué la valeur étrange et presque effacé le sens. Qu'on essaie, en effet, de réaliser le contenu de cette phrase mystérieuse; puis que, regardant autour de soi, on se demande combien de chrétiens peuvent la redire sans psittacisme ou sans mensonge. Dans le cercle même, si étroit pourtant, des fidèles pratiquants, le Christ est-il vraiment le centre, le cœur, la passion de toute la vie? Est-il une personne qui compte, qui ait sa place à elle, un ami dont on ait besoin de sentir la présence, d'entendre la voix, de serrer la main, un conquérant dont on tâche d'agrandir l'empire et dont on se dispute les faveurs?

Nous savons, en effet, jusqu'où peut aller le dévouement de l'homme à l'homme, le don absolu de soi que l'on offre spontanément à quelqu'un, ami, maître, ou héros, sans autre attrait que le plaisir même de se donner tout entier. On se rappelle, par exemple, la fascination exercée par Origène sur ses disciples, et, dans une tout autre sphère, comment aux premiers jours de la restauration, les vieux soldats de Napoléon versaient religieusement dans leurs verres les cendres du drapeau proscrit. . . . La question est de savoir si, au cours du siècle, le Christ a tenu une pareille place, rencontré de pareilles sympathies et exercé une égale fascination.¹

But where we would somewhat differ from this writer is in the contrast he strikes between the outer manifestation of human and of divine love. Are we indeed always so conscious of our love for those who are, nevertheless, our nearest and dearest? Is our affection a matter of daily evidence, or is it rather one of those hidden springs which give greenness and life to the overgrowth which conceals them, but which only become themselves visible when the frost or the parching sun

¹ "Christus Vivit." P. H. Brémond, *Etudes*, 5 Juin, 1900.

have withered the flowers and foliage to which they had given colour and freshness? Does not our devotion to men often need a kind of earthquake to discover its full force and vigour, so that it is by reason of the very risks to which they are exposed that the love of his followers for a man like Napoleon becomes so conspicuous and unmistakable? Is it not one of the tragedies of life that we have not known the depth of our own love, nor let our friend know it, until the moment of separation has come, and with it the last occasion for making it evident?

May there not, perhaps, be often the same revelation with regard to the love of Christ? May it not be at times that this love is languishing more from the need of adequate expression than from its own intrinsic poverty? To the chosen ones, indeed, that love is the living flame which consumes all the rest, to which the routine of daily life is but as fuel to increase its brightness. To such as these love is the most conscious fact of their lives, it is their chief occupation as well as their main reality. But with others, to whom it is not thus given to live as in Heaven while still on earth, the outer life is not yet so utterly subservient to the inner; they love, but they do something else besides. But shall we for this deny in them the very existence of that vital spark, which may be still bright and living though hidden under the ashes of every-day life? And may we not hope that God's John is in reality a higher being than John's John or Thomas's John can ever suspect? Give him but the occasion and he will prove it, but meanwhile he languishes because his love is not yet strong enough to turn little things into great; it can rise to a lofty occasion, it flags when no considerable external effort is called for.

But let the opportunity arise in which there is granted to the soul, if only for one instant, the possibility of adequate expression, of doing or saying that which is outwardly worthy of the thing said, then the whole being leaps into life, and the soul marvels at the power of its own love, which was better known to God than to itself.

Such a moment is martyrdom, and such a moment is death; only in the former is granted the special privilege of making the last act of life an expression of this great inward fact. And shall we wonder that some know how to die who have never seemed to know how to live? See the soldier at home and the soldier in the field. His best friends must acknowledge that

something needs improvement in the former ; his worst enemies cannot but respect the latter. Has it never occurred to us to seek some explanation of this apparent contradiction ? Why does many a man, who has led a somewhat bestial life at home, suddenly prove a hero when called on to bear all kinds of hardships and sufferings, and to expose his very life to daily risk ? Virtues do not spring up in one hour, and no man can be more than himself. Is it not then that the deeper life has found more adequate external expression, and that, after all, the part of man which is best known to God is also that which is most God-like ?

In the spiritual life many attempts have been made, by means of rules and organization, to give daily, nay hourly, adequate expression to that deepest reality of the love of God. In the patient hope that the outer would strengthen the inner, and the inner ennoble the outer, have Religious Orders and institutions of every kind sprung to life. And they have not been in vain. According to their varied genius they have made diverse rents in the veil that hid the soul from herself and God from the soul. But in the really meritorious endeavour to find food for the highest aspirations in the most ordinary of daily lives, the perfect performance of small external duties has sometimes been put forward with almost dangerous persistency. It has been taught that sanctity consists not in doing great things, but in doing small things perfectly well ; the martyrdom *à coups d'épingle* has been exalted almost to the level of the baptism of blood. But have not many souls felt faint and weary as this prospect was spread before them ? Have they not felt within them stirrings that were not appeased by the promise of an endless round of small duties ?

The suffering that is caused by these well-meaning efforts is again a result of that ever recurring tendency to urge the material to the detriment of the spiritual sense of any doctrine. It is true that the soul can rise to heroic sanctity in the practice of a succession of lowly duties, but this is not because they are in themselves a fitting expression of divine instincts and aspirations, but because charity is strong enough to be independent of mere outer circumstances.

It is better to face the tragedy of life, than to cover our eyes and try to forget its existence. The prison-house can never really resemble the palace, and the ambitious soul will still long for those greater occasions in which it reaches a fuller life, simply

by becoming conscious of that which is already within it. And in many cases, whether through the fault of the individual or the disposition of Providence, we cannot tell, the flame is doomed to smoulder comparatively hidden and unnoticed, until some crisis arises when it can at last burst forth.

"The net is broken and we are free." These words have been put by the Church into the mouths of martyrs. It is the net of daily life with its blindness, its petty occupations, its dulling monotony, from which they are freed far more gladly than from the hands of their executioners. The deed of their would-be enemies has released them from the thralldom of the inner to the outer, of life to routine. The glory of martyrdom is, in fact, the manifestation of their own deepest life. From being the substratum of daily existence, the love of God, the devotion to Christ, has become, in a single instant, the one living conscious act of the whole being, and that act has been the last of this life. The motive of the executioner matters little, the explicit reasons comparatively nothing, but the soul has been breathed forth in a final act of love, and the whole man has been absorbed into what was best in himself. And thus to some martyrdom will be the crowning act of a series which leads up to it, the saint will die a martyr; to others it will be the first worthy occasion, stirring those convictions and instincts which had hitherto starved on insufficient nutriment, the martyr will make the saint. But for one and all it will be the true and full and adequate expression of the "buried life;" the firm, deliberate preference of the invisible reality to the visible shadow.

M. D. PETRE.

"The Mind of the Church."

II.

IN a previous article we endeavoured to arrive at a more precise notion of what is meant by the "Mind of the Church," and to show that the expression stands for no mere abstraction, but for the result produced by the co-operation of a multitude of minds. We noticed how by occasional conferences, whether formal or informal, the varying fruits of individual reflection upon the faith, gathered during the interval since the last such conference, are compared, sorted, and brought into agreement, and the result added to the treasury of the Church's wisdom. We found a three-fold development which a truth or idea may receive in the mind, without substantial alteration: (1) by more subtle analysis and distinction of the terms of its expression; (2) by fuller co-ordination with the other contents of the mind; (3) by the increase of the power of mental insight due to accumulation of further experience and reflection. Sometimes, however, an idea or a science receives a development by way of addition. If I depend upon a given text-book for my entire knowledge of natural history, however carefully I may study and analyze the text, or compare what I thus learn with other departments of my knowledge, or, through the growth of my mental power, penetrate more deeply to the reality of the matter, yet the matter subjected to my investigation is one and the same thing, namely, the recorded experience of the author. But if I have direct access to the limitless book of Nature, I can go on indefinitely acquiring new food for reflective digestion.

This latter kind of development can have no place in regard to those truths of faith that are known and knowable solely by revelation. But "natural theology" and "natural ethics" are susceptible of some kind of extension and growth, though not to the same extent as are physical sciences; and the stage of a people's mental development in these philosophies will seriously affect their intelligence of the religion of Christ, for better or for

worse—as is the notorious experience of Christian missionaries in dealing with races whose mental categories are altogether different from our own. That God is a spirit, a person; that He is a Father, a King; that He is just, wise, merciful, loving, will mean more or less, according to our particular conceptions of spirit, person, fatherhood, kingship, justice, wisdom, and mercy. Hence the wider our eyes are opened the more shall we see in that religion which, as divine, will always transcend immeasurably the vision of the highest and most cultivated human intelligence. If every really great and good man is before his age, Christ is necessarily before every conceivable age, and the full conception of His religion will be too great for the collective or individual mind of any period; and must always be received and limited *per modum recipientis*. Other ideas our mind can outgrow, though at first they loom great; we may find them less significant than we first thought them—dressed-up truisms that need only to be stripped in order to be revealed in their barren nakedness. Christianity as conceived by Renan or Matthew Arnold is not a development, but a re-solution or refining away. The latter, as R. H. Hutton well says, uses Bible language "to express the dwarfed convictions and withered hopes of modern rationalists who love to repeat the great words of the Bible after they have given up the strong meaning of them as fanatical and superstitious." And again, he says that, to talk of "developing" Christianity into Unitarianism or Absolute Morality, "is to talk of developing a tree into a lichen or the language of Shakespere in the starved speech of a tribe of Esquimaux."

Those extremely abstract and general principles which run through all our thought and govern our whole life, are the very last to be sifted out by analysis and to be recognized in their purity. This recognition results only from comparison of seemingly various maxims which reflection shows to be but different disguises, applications, or cases of the same general truth. Hence, as the first attempt at some important invention (like the steam locomotive) is enormously complex compared with later simplifications; so the first setting forth of an hypothesis, theory, or doctrinal system is often full of elaborations, epicycles, and other contrivances, which after-thought proves to be needless. In such cases development means simplification—the rejection of what is superfluous in the mode of expression. According to Matthew Arnold, who in this is a

type of the extreme latitudinarian, the kernel of Christianity freed from the husk, consists in a few platitudes of the higher ethics which have been involved in a vast complexus of historical and dogmatic propositions, partly through the unclearness of those minds which created the system, partly in order to bring home to the emotional and imaginative faculties of the multitudes those living truths which in their abstract baldness would appeal only to the philosophical *élite*. The longer the latitudinarian reflects on Christianity, the less it means for him; the longer the Church reflects on it, the more it means for her. The analogies in which its truths are expressed are conceived by the former as too roomy, as failing through excess; by the latter as too narrow, and failing by defect. In the one case it is like the attempt to describe the institutions of savages in terms of modern European civilization; in the other, it is an endeavour to translate high civilization into the language of savagery. There, too much is conveyed; here, too little.

If Christ came to reveal Heaven to earth, God to man, the eternal and infinite to the finite and temporal, it is obvious that into whatever categories of ours He might have endeavoured to squeeze such transcendent realities, they must always be marvellously narrow and inadequate; nor is the absolute difference between the Galilean fisherman of 2,000 years ago and the modern literary savant in this respect of any appreciable value, however much it may mean for us. As a fact, it was not to the theologians of that day, but to those whom we consider the rude and simple that He revealed these things, and it was into their notions, beliefs, traditions, and language that He had to translate the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven. To say that they could have been more fully and freely translated into the language of better cultivated minds, were to concede a seeming advantage to these latter, which is infinitesimal and quite negligible when we remember the immeasurable distance between God's mind and ours. It is not that the modern Church absolutely understands the faith better in any appreciable way, but that she understands it in a way better suited to the modern mind. Had she used our language to a former age, she would have failed in wisdom as much as were she now to use notions and expressions that for us are meaningless and obsolete. The questions that are put in different ages are different; but in all diversities of age and country the Church

follows the example of her Founder, who always used the categories of those to whom He spoke; to shepherds He is a shepherd; to fishermen He is the great fisher of souls; to lawyers He is the universal judge; to traders He is a merchant; to the rabbis He is the one Master; and so, with all, He is Father and King or whatever will best bring home supernatural realities to their imagination and customary forms of reasoning. And in like manner the Church has used the categories of Platonism, of Roman Jurisprudence, of Aristotelianism, or of whatever other thought-system she has found in vogue, for the moulding and setting forth of her message. As already remarked, the distinction between the dictionary meaning of such language and the meaning which the speaker intends to convey is of great importance. I can speak of being in the "seventh heaven" of bliss without implying that I believe in seven heavens. Had Christ spoken in the terms of the absolute and final philosophy and science (if such be conceivable), He would have been unintelligible not only to that age, but to our own and every other. In using such as He found current, as a medium of expression for quite other truths, He did not commit Himself to matters in which He has left us to the guidance of our senses, our reason, and the accumulating wisdom of the race.

With a view to defining more precisely what we mean by the "deposit of faith," we must here ask ourselves how far the *ipsissima verba* of Christ—the actual symbols and expressions by which He conveyed His revelation to the mind of the Apostles—are essentially part of our tradition and heritage.

From a Catholic standpoint the preservation of the New Testament documents is merely contingent; and apart from such records no authenticated words of Christ and His Apostles are preserved to us by oral tradition. Had these writings perished, we should possess the whole substance, but none of the form of Christ's doctrine. But what is that substance as distinct from words and form; since the Church has no intuition of the Eternal Realities—no revealing power? If she need not remember the exact presentment—verbal and mental—of those realities conveyed to the first hearers, what is it that remains the same? Here Vincent of Lerins comes to our aid. I can be sure that the babe of so many years ago is preserved identically in my own person, though I cannot exactly remember that

earliest self or its states of consciousness ; and so the mind of the nascent Church lives identically in the maturer mind of the present Church, though the remembrance of those earlier stages may be obscure and faulty. To revert to a former illustration : let the text-book of Natural History be lost and its remembered contents be passed from mind to mind ; and though the words and form might all be changed, the substance of its meaning might conceivably be retained and even better expressed. Still, *ex hypothesi*, the substance is not added to or increased. Similarly, no new expression of the Christian idea can reveal more truth and fact than Christ intended to reveal to the Apostles, but it may give far clearer expression and illustration to the same facts and truths. What grows and develops and yet retains its identity is the expression of the Christian idea. One illustration of the same matter may be quite different from another, verbally and pictorially, and yet may contain and exceed all its illustrative value ; and in it the former, though lost and forgotten, is yet preserved substantially.

Thus by the "deposit of faith" we do not mean any primitive document, nor yet that expression which the faith received in the mind of its first hearers ; but the present-day expression of the faith, in which that former expression is at once lost and preserved as the child is in the man. And the recipient of this deposit is the collective Mind of the Church, as above explained. To seek for it in documents or in the past is to seek the living among the dead. For the words of the Scriptures, or the words of the Fathers upon the Scriptures, are dead words, except in so far as the Church takes them on her lips. It is her living breath that gives them their inspiration.

In this point, as in many others, the Catholic system, unlike other systems which seek their rule of faith in the past, follows on and deepens the lines of nature. In all matters save those very few in which we ourselves are competent to judge independently from the root, our beliefs, like those of children, are "caused," rather than reasoned. That is to say, we necessarily and rationally accept those that are generally current in the society into which we are born, until for some reason or another we are bound to call them in question. Without such natural faith, intellectual no less than practical life would be impossible. Our religious beliefs as a rule are thus inherited. That some should inherit the truth while others

inherit untruth, only means that in every sense right faith is a free gift of God. For the vast majority of mankind an independently reasoned religious position is, of all notions, the most chimerical. But if on any point public opinion is notably divided, the majority who are not independent-minded in the matter, are either without opinion or else are determined by some other non-intellectual cause, whether reasonable or unreasonable. Hence we see how the Catholic ideal of an international divinely-guided consensus exactly responds to the most imperative need of the world in providing a "cause" of right belief in religious and ethical matters for the multitudes at present scattered by the spectacle of doctors differing. When men were less travelled and knowledge less diffused, it was possible for the unthinking to believe that their own religion was universal or all others patently preposterous. But now the "indifferentism" of the masses, consequent on a wider view, can only be healed in the measure that the Catholic ideal becomes a reality, *i.e.*, in the measure that Catholicism absorbs all the other religions in the world by appropriating what is best and truest in them, as she has done in the past.

We have now to consider most briefly how far the "mind of the Church" regarded as *memory*, offers a natural guarantee for the truth of such facts as the virginal conception of Christ, His Resurrection, and Ascension. Mr. Mallock speaks of her "unbroken personal consciousness," and compares her to a "traveller speaking of a past or distant event at which he was present." She heard the salutation of Gabriel and stood by the Sepulchre on Easter morning. The dangers of every individual memory are accretion, oblivion, and distortion, *i.e.*, the addition or the omission of elements; or else the wrong arrangement of those faithfully preserved. Against these dangers we are protected partly by nature, partly by artificial contrivances, or the reasoned use of the observed laws of memory. Things are better remembered according as they are felt to be more interesting and important. Also the frequent repetition or re-impression of a fact secures it against oblivion. In the criticism of our memory, we have eventually to depend on memory itself; so that if we cannot assume reliability in the main headings of our experience we are reduced to impotent scepticism. Looking back over our past, a certain chain of leading memories stands out as of unquestionable authenticity; and by their coherence or disagreement with such elements of our experience we judge

the value of our weaker and more dubious remembrances. Applying all this to the corporate memory of a community, it seems that if the dangers of accretion, oblivion, and distortion are multiplied, the safeguards and corrections are multiplied in proportion. Individual eccentricities and variants are likely to be eliminated by conference and comparison, and in the multitude of witnesses, as in the multitude of counsellors, there is safety. In regard, therefore, to those central facts on which Christianity rests ; in which its supreme interest is vested ; which have been steadily re-asserted and re-impressed on the Church's memory day by day through century after century ; which, moreover, she has used every artifice to fix and record ; which are the rule and corrective whereby the great tangled mass of legend and tradition necessarily gathered by a world-wide society in the course of ages is sorted and tested—in regard to such central facts there is a strong presumption in favour of the Church's tradition, quite apart from any promise of supernatural assistance or special providence. Given such assistance, the Catholic appeal to the living testimony of the Church for the truth of such facts, is altogether reasonable and consistent.

It would be interesting to pursue some other lines of Mr. Mallock's ingenious argument, especially where he argues that the definition of the Papal Infallibility is only a closer determination of the Church's infallibility, due to a process of casuistry similar to that whereby the consecratory value originally attributed vaguely to the whole Eucharistic *prex* has been gradually traced more precisely to the embedded "words of consecration."

But we must end with a note of warning. The whole value of Mr. Mallock's arguments rests on assumptions belonging to that philosophy of evolution which, to say the very least, has received no encouragement at Rome. As we said before, it is curious and interesting that contemporary thought should, in so many ways, point in the same direction as faith ; but it is only curious and interesting. No greater misfortune could befall, than that any one should be led towards the Faith by a process of apologetic which might any day be officially repudiated by the Church. The only system of apologetic which has been cordially approved, is that which argues from creation to the First Cause ; and from the miracles of Christ to the truth of Christianity. If owing to prevalent philosophical views

these lines of argument are now-a-days largely addressed to deaf ears, this unfortunate fact would not justify the Church in abandoning them for others drawn from principles which she considers dangerous or dubious. It is for this reason that the question at issue between the Church and the modern mind is wisely declared to be philosophical and fundamental, rather than theological; and that such endeavours are being made to bring the age back once more to the simpler thought-forms of Aquinas and Aristotle.

G. T.

Studies on the History of Queen Mary Stuart.

THE MISSION OF FATHER EDMUND HAY, 1566-1567.

COMMUNICATION with Scotland in the days of Queen Mary was so slow and so difficult, that when a foreign Prince wished to have any intercourse with its rulers, there was practically no other way of accomplishing this object, except by sending a more or less formal embassy for the purpose. It might take many months to accomplish its task, but the despatches and reports of the envoys, conveying the news which had been won at the cost of such fatigue and expense, were almost sure to be worthy of attention. A collection of such travels in Scotland would form a most admirable history of that period, for it would possess the enormous advantage of being, by comparison at least, free from party spirit, the most serious difficulty with which students of Mary's reign have to reckon.

In a previous paper attention has been directed to the mission of Father Nicholas de Gouda in the year 1563, and in this an account will be given of a mission, which was the counterpart of De Gouda's, that of Father Edmund Hay in 1566-1567. The points of resemblance in the two missions are obvious enough—both envoys were Jesuit Fathers sent by the Pope for the same general purpose. The contrasts, too, are striking. De Gouda saw Mary in the humble circumstances of her first years in Scotland, Hay in the bright but deceptive calm that came before the last storm. De Gouda darkly foresaw that her position would improve, Hay distinctly foretold that her last chance of maintaining that improvement had come. De Gouda ends his reports with the news of the fall of Huntly and the Catholic party, Father Hay ends his with the news of Mary's own fall.

Three years and three months had passed since the return of Father De Gouda before Father Hay sailed, and in that time two great revolutions passed over Scotland, that which

followed the Darnley marriage and that which followed the murder of Rizzio. The first of these changed Mary's position from one of pupillage to Murray to that of mistress of Scotland; the second consolidated her power. The details of these events are well known, and need not be described again here. But there is one phase in her conduct after the Rizzio murder which we must consider with some attention, for Father Hay was sent on purpose to remonstrate with her about it. She was said to have been unduly lenient to former rebels, a complaint which is all the more interesting to us to-day, when a similar insinuation has been laid to the charge of our generals in South Africa under circumstances which very much resemble Mary's.

It is true indeed that Mary's activity during the crisis was very conspicuous. She showed extraordinary nerve and resource at the moment of danger. Her escape from the Rizzio murderers and her ride to Dunbar are among the most striking of her many adventures. But no sooner was the crisis past, and a measure of justice, tempered with much mercy, executed on a few of the murderers, than she seemed to give herself entirely to the pursuit of peace.

In order to appreciate this change of policy it is necessary to compare it with the settled policy of the previous period, and it is not less necessary to leave out of consideration for the moment those sudden outbursts of activity, which occurred so often and might have occurred more often still, in the course of her life, without affording any certain argument as to the general tenour of her conduct. Turning, therefore, to the previous year we find that the distinguishing features of its settled policy had been independence and sustained moral courage. She had met the threats of her powerful neighbour Elizabeth with vigorous retaliation. She had dismissed her ambassador Randolph, and had met the remonstrances of Thomworth and Throckmorton with uncompromising firmness. She had risen in arms against the hitherto all powerful Anglo-Protestant party, and she had forcibly driven its leaders over the English border.

Acts such as these are indications of a more or less continuous policy of vigorous self-defence, almost of aggression, and they throw the pacific character of the year 1566, which is under consideration, into clear relief. In 1566 Mary was occupied in reconciling and pacifying her unruly nobles, and in administering justice; and she also made several plans for

returning to France. This was the year in which she made her testament, and her dying declaration, the year in which James was born and solemnly baptized, in which she granted the many "remissions," which she afterwards so bitterly regretted. As this leniency is a central point on which very much will be found to turn, we must enter into further details about it.

On March 11th, while she was in the power of the Rizzio murderers, she managed dexterously to evade granting them pardon, though articles for the purpose had been drafted. After she had escaped, the rebels soon recognized that their wisest course would be to request her to complete this act of pardon, and Lord Semple was sent to her for this purpose. She naturally put off treating with him till she had detached rebels like the Earls of Glencairn and Rothes, who had not been actually engaged in the slaughter. Then (March 19th) while Morton and the other prime movers, seventy in all, were proclaimed rebels, she sent out Balfour to treat with Murray and Argyll. These two leaders closed with the Queen's offers, and the murderers saw that their present safety could only be ensured by flight into England. By the end of April, Murray and Argyll had been received back into full favour, and had again taken their places in the Privy Council, while several proclamations (May 11th, June 8th) ordered active proceedings against the late rebels to be continued. But the less guilty of their number were soon forgiven. The Justice Clerk and the Clerk of the Register on the 18th of May were respectively "relaxit fra the horne," and "fund clere" of the "slaughter of umquhile seinyour David." About the same time intercession was made for those retainers who had stood by their masters during the rebellion, but had not actually used violence. Throughout the year there were continued suits for and grants of pardon.¹

Mary was indeed justly firm in refusing to forgive the worst offenders on the first prayer addressed to her. Even when she thought herself dying in October she expressed the wish that their pardon should not be too speedy and absolute, though she "desired no great vengeance." Yet before the year was out "remission" had been granted to all, even to Kerr of Faudounside, who had pointed his pistol at her, and to George Douglas, who had poignarded Rizzio in her presence.

¹ *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland*, i. 436, 456, 462. *Diurnal of Occurrents* (Ban. Club, 1833), p. 99. D. Hay Fleming, *Mary Queen of Scots* (1897), prints many useful references, pp. 393, 394, 405.

² J. Stevenson, *Nan's Memoirs of Mary* (1883), p. cxxxvii. Fleming, pp. 502—504.

But Mary not only forgave on a large, generous, and complete scale, as became her generous and royal nature ; she went further, and entrusted power to the very persons who had abused it. Towards the end of the year half her Privy Council were men who had only lately borne arms against her, and her secretary was Maitland of Lethington, the man who had betrayed her confidence often and in grave matters.

Was this leniency of Mary wholly laudable, or was it a policy of weakness, or incautiousness, or soft-heartedness? This is the problem that claims our attention, and the historical facts, on which our decision should be based, may now be stated.

The first fact that may be alleged on Mary's behalf against the charge of having been over-easy with her adversaries, is the weakness of her own party. She had to use men who could govern the country, even though they might be disloyal to herself, because she had at that time practically no one near her who combined capacity with fidelity. She had not even a woman friend or *confidante*. If we may judge from her extant correspondence, her relatives of the house of Guise may, with most reason, be said to have filled this position in her regard, but they lived far away, and had little intercourse with her. Around her she had numerous bastard brothers and sisters, some of whom, like the Earl of Murray, were able men, but all were envious of her higher interests, temporal and spiritual.

Then she could get little or no help from the Church, to which in times gone by the Scottish Kings had generally looked for support in their struggles with the rude nobles. The churchmen of that day were so wanting in ecclesiastical spirit that their deficiencies are reckoned the chief internal cause of the Church's fall. The more powerful of the Catholic nobles, like the Earl of Athol, were lamentably wanting in zeal. The more zealous members of the party, like the Bishop-designate of Ross, had but little firmness or political power. Mary had committed one of the great errors of her life in co-operating in the ruin and abasement of the families of Huntly and of Hamilton ; the restored Earl of Huntly was now a practising Protestant, though frequently reckoned as a nominal Catholic. This was another phase of the weakness of that party. It could neither shake off moribund members nor produce healthy ones. There is a curious paper in the Vatican belonging to this period, probably handed in by Bishop Chisholm in 1566, in which the list of Catholic earls commences

with Athol and Huntly, and then goes on to Bothwell! It is hard to respect a party which thought its cause honoured by a muster-roll like that. After a year of trouble we find a second edition¹ of this catalogue, in which the larger number of those previously styled Catholics are noted as heretics, or on the side of the heretics!

Perhaps as good a picture as can be found of the weak and strong sides of the Catholic party in Scotland, is that contained in Father Hay's letters. There is a special fitness in treating these preliminaries to his mission in his own words, a few of which may therefore be quoted here.

Hay had come to Paris to preside over Clermont College, in November, 1564, and his correspondence naturally contains many allusions to the important Scottish events of 1565. Like all other Catholics of that time, he began by entertaining the highest hopes about Darnley, and seems at first to have taken him to be a more important person than Mary. When the successes over the rebel lords, at the close of 1565, were announced, several persons requested that Jesuits, and especially Father Hay, should at once be sent to Scotland. On January 9th, 1566, the rumour ran, so he writes, that :

The Queen desires to recall to Scotland at Easter-time all the Catholics who are living here or in Flanders. This excites us to great hopes, but hitherto no change has been made in religion, except that the people now hear Mass in their homes, or in the Queen's chapel when she is present, without hindrance.

On February 4th, he reports :

From Scotland we have no news since 27th December, when the Queen's confessor [Father Roche Mamoret, O.P.] wrote that orders had been given by her to certain learned Catholics to preach in public and teach the people the Catholic Faith. Four have been chosen for this. I will write to you more fully when I hear the result of the undertaking.

No letter of Father Hay about the murder of Rizzio (March 9th) and the treachery of Darnley is extant, and only a confused reference to it in a letter, dated April 1st, from Father Crichton to the Father General. Of the state of Catholicism immediately before the murder, he says :

¹ These and other papers from the Vatican Archives, and those of the Society of Jesus, which will be referred to hereafter, are at present being edited by me for the Scottish History Society, as has been mentioned before.

Then the state of religion was such that the King went to Mass almost every day. The Queen had ordered certain preachers to preach in her chapel, whither all the Catholics flocked to hear them, and there they also stayed. But one of these preachers was lately wounded as he ventured out at night,¹ and the others cannot patiently listen to or endure the blasphemies of the heretics. The Queen wants to have preachers, but only finds them with great difficulty. The Bishops say Mass in some of their monasteries without suffering for it, but the heretics preach throughout the country, though the Queen's praiseworthy wish to be rid of them continues. Many of those in power are heretics, and they bear the Queen in hand, while the Catholics lead licentious lives, and are therefore cold. . . . But enough of afflicted Scotland. Lyons, 1 April, 1566.

On May 12th, Father Hay writes :

[*To the same.*] . . . I think that you will already have heard from the Bishop of Dunblane in what state the affairs of Scotland are. I will now mention one thing, which will, as I believe, much increase his Holiness' good-will in our cause. This last crime, which those assassins plotted, so far from breaking the Queen's spirit, has had the result of stimulating her courage more than before, and it has so stirred the people that all unanimously execrate a Gospel which brings us forth fruits like these. We are told for certain by those who have seen them, that over 9,000 men publicly communicated this Easter in the Queen's chapel, though she was not present, and many more did so in other parts of the kingdom. Hence one may easily conclude with what little trouble this whole people might be recalled to its duty and to the bosom of the Church, if only the good Queen, assisted by some external aid, could reduce those great tyrants to order. Paris, 12 May, 1566.

So far the correspondents show nothing but admiration at the part which Mary was playing in the Catholic revival. But at this moment two new developments commenced : in Scotland Mary begins her policy of leniency, and from Rome St. Pius V. sends to her a Nuncio, Monsignor Laureo, Bishop of Mondovi, to aid her in her efforts to restore the Faith, and to carry to her a modest subsidy of 20,000 scudi,² to assist the same purpose. The ecclesiastical policy of the Pope therefore is now not quite identical with the secular policy of the Queen, and as we descend into detail, we shall see that the apparently small difference between them gradually led to important consequences.

¹ This was Friar Black, a Dominican, slain at the same time as Rizzio.

² That is, about £5,000. Scudi, ducats, and crowns may be roughly reckoned as equal in value.

Of Mary's policy of leniency we have already spoken; the history of the Papal subsidy is briefly this. When Mary came to suspect that Elizabeth was subsidizing her rebels, she immediately applied for similar aid to France, Spain, and Rome. France was too much crippled to pay Mary her dowry, much less a war subsidy. Spain gave 20,000 ducats, which however fell into the hands of the English. Rome thought the time for money grants had not yet come. On hearing from Rome that this was the feeling there, Mary determined to persuade the Pope that the time had come, and in February she sent to him William Chisholm, Bishop of Dunblane, with instructions to negotiate in accordance with the suggestions of the Cardinal of Lorraine. The latter, in order, as it seems, to make more impression on the Pope, asked for the despatch of a special Nuncio to Mary, thinking thereby to obtain the grant of a subsidy with greater facility. The little stratagem succeeded, both money and Nuncio were sent, but the further progress of negotiations was seriously injured by the misunderstandings, which inevitably ensued from Mary having seemed to ask for a Nuncio, whom she probably never desired. Father Hay and Father Darbishire were ordered to accompany the Nuncio, and from the time when this order reached them the tone of the Jesuit correspondence takes a new turn, a turn of despondency. The answer of the Father Provincial, Olivier Manare, on the receipt of the above-mentioned order is singularly frank, and goes to the root of the subject.

[*To the Father General.*] . . . I have thought it well to represent what men think here. It is true that the Bishop of Dunblane and others are of opinion that that kingdom will never have any peace without much shedding of blood, and think that the blood of Catholics must flow first. We will pray His Divine Majesty to direct everything according to the Pope's intentions, and will submit our intellect to the judgment of his Holiness and your Reverence. Still I say one word more, *cum sim pulvis et cinis*. The Queen of Scotland has great want of advice, and consequently of grave, prudent, and God-fearing men about her, men of the country rather than foreigners, especially those sent by that See which they hate worse than Lucifer. It therefore seems that it would greatly contribute to the service of God, if his Holiness should command the Most Rev. Archbishop of Glasgow, a person of great integrity, prudence, and authority, who resides here as ambassador at this Court, to return to Scotland for this purpose. He should likewise exhort the other Bishops in a similar tone, as also some other principal Catholic lords of that kingdom to bear themselves manfully and

trustfully towards God, the Catholic religion, and their Queen. With the Archbishop our Father Rector and others, either seculars or priests of our Society, might go as members of his household to aid him with good counsel until the Lord shall have opened a wider way. So much for the opinion of your humble servant. *Valeat quantum.* . . . Paris, June 26, 1566.

Father Hay wrote soon after :

[*To the same.*] . . . I have nothing to say about the project for sending a Nuncio to Scotland, except that I dread lest a certain desperation and imbecility on the part of those who ought to be foremost in this business, should cause this great and opportune subsidy of the Supreme Pontiff to be of very little avail for the object intended. Pains are being taken that the money should come into the hands of certain persons, while the Nuncio is kept here or returns to Rome. Nothing is yet known for certain. I believe that the Bishop of Dunblane will write on the subject, as usage shall sanction. I do not see that I need fear being sent to Scotland sooner than I should like. May God turn all happily to the glory of His name. . . . Paris, 2 July, 1566.

If this news reached Pope Pius V., and it probably did so, it must have caused him some revulsion of feeling, for he had been led to expect something very different. He had been carried away by the enthusiasm for Mary's heroism, which all Europe had felt after her romantic escape from Edinburgh. Even in public he had praised her so highly as to let slip comparisons invidious to other Catholic princes. He had pinched and spared in order to raise money for her, believing that she would never rest until she was in a position to protect her faith and her co-religionists by force of arms. He was not the man to be very condescending to Mary's weaknesses, or exceedingly affected by her difficulties. He was the strong man, whom Providence had raised up to carry out those reforms which prevented the Church from succumbing to the assaults of Protestantism. Zealous, firm, and fearless, he was no opportunist, and compromise was, in his eyes, a crime. It was inevitable that he should regard Mary's policy of leniency with dislike. For all that, we must not let ourselves be so far carried away by respect for his great virtues and high position, as to think that his authority should, *ipso facto*, decide the question against the Queen of Scots. In the first place, as the Pope carefully avoided committing himself to definite censures, we do not know the precise points he condemned in her conduct nor

how far that condemnation went. His mind, however, is clearly seen in the answers, which his secretaries and officials made with his approbation, as will hereafter appear.

Monsignor Laureo arrived in Paris on August 10, and found awaiting him a letter from Mary, begging him to delay his passage to Scotland, and a few days later pressure was brought to bear upon him to induce him to send on the subsidy of 20,000 scudi, while he remained behind. Was Father Hay's forecast being already fulfilled? Was his mission only a fool's errand? Laureo suspected Mary's officials of the worst motives and intentions, and, specifically, of evil designs against himself. But he would never believe that Mary herself had any bad design of the sort which Father Hay dreaded, and hoped that his mission would finally succeed, in spite of all difficulties.

Though now forced to wait at Paris, Laureo was not inactive. Nowhere, south of Tweed, was there a larger Scottish colony than that in Paris, and Laureo endeavoured to arrive at a solution of the Scotch problem by means of the advice of certain Scotchmen there, whose names he does not give. There is, however, always a certain danger in accepting the views of political or religious exiles. The greatness of the injustice they smart under may make them for the moment unduly inclined to advise measures of harsh reprisal, and Laureo, I fear, was not sufficiently on his guard against this danger. He drew up and forwarded to Rome, on August 21st, his review of the state of Scotland, and of the remedies to be applied, the salient feature of the document being his strong disapproval of Mary's policy of leniency. It must, however, be added that he was labouring under very considerable misapprehensions concerning that policy.

Stated in general terms, his idea is this: If Mary is to be regarded as serious, she must give some clear proof that she will break off her alliance with the extreme and disloyal Protestants. Thus formulated, Laureo's proposals might be defended with success, even according to modern ideas. They cannot be absolutely rejected by any, except those who hold that the privilege of rebelling in favour of Protestantism is an indefeasible right of Protestants. But Laureo's proposition must also be considered in the concrete. He was erroneously informed that six leaders of the Protestant party were then plotting a new rebellion against the Queen, and he therefore suggested, as a test of her sincerity, that Mary should

put all six to death. It may be noted that his black list does not contain the name of Knox, or that of any of the Protestant preachers or superintendents. He looked upon the politicians as the cause of all the religious mischief, and upon Maitland of Lethington as the worst of them all.¹

As to the misapprehensions under which Laureo wrote, it will be sufficient to note that he believed that the offenders were working their mischief through Darnley. Yet it is, now-a-days, clear that Darnley was then at daggers drawn with the very Protestant politicians who were believed to be leading him astray, and especially with Maitland of Lethington!

Again, so far was Darnley from being responsible for the leniency of his wife, that his disapproval of it was one cause of their matrimonial jars.² His vexation arose at first out of the characteristically ridiculous grievance that his prerogative was being infringed upon. Afterwards, he had graver reasons for objecting, as his worst enemies were thereby becoming more powerful than himself. It would take far more space than that of this article to go fully into the particulars of this branch of the inquiry, but I do not like to leave it without mentioning that I have before me the copy of an inedited document, which states that Darnley's jealousy of Rizzio was originally excited by the fact of the latter obtaining from the Queen, without reference to the King, pardon for those rebels whom she forgave after the journey to Dumfries. The reliability of this statement cannot be questioned, seeing that the paper is written in the name of the Earl of Lennox himself. This document, and the important conclusions to be drawn from it, must be reserved for fuller treatment.

To return to Monsignor Laureo's proposals. Though he was so completely wrong in several of the particulars on which he relied most, yet it must also be allowed that his error was

¹ The persons named are the Earls of Murray, Argyll, and Morton, Secretary Lethington, and Sir John Bellenden of Auchnole, the Justice Clerk, and James MacGill, the Clerk Register. In the letter of August 21st, James MacGill is represented as the worst offender; in the later letters, Lethington is Mary's evil genius. Laureo's Secretary, Tritonio, says: "Si vel unum Comitem Ledingtonium . . . debita poena multasset, vel saltem ab aula eiecisset, reliquos facinorosos haud difficulter coercuisset." (*Vita Vincentii Laurii*, 1590, p. 23.)

² I would even propose the question, as a theme for further inquiry, whether Laureo's complaints against Mary may not have been founded on some misapprehension of this grievance of Darnley's. That he wrote abroad complaining of Mary's remissness in advancing Catholicism is asserted by Knox (*History*, Edit. Laing, ii. 533), and by the Spanish Ambassador (*Simancas Calendar*, pp. 597, 613, 618).

not at all unnatural, seeing that the treason which he suspected to be rife, had really been plotted only a few months previously, and that by the very men whom he accused. If they had since given it up, it was because such treason was no longer profitable, not because they had truly become loyal to their Queen. It should also in fairness be added that Laureo did not put forward his recommendation as an ultimatum, but as a first proposal to be modified as better information should come in. Nevertheless, when all allowances have been made, we cannot but entirely disapprove of Laureo's *eirenicon*. We may believe that this would *not* have been a sample of the advice which he would have offered to Mary had he lived in Scotland in closer touch with her circumstances. Still if it was, then the failure of his mission was a blessing in disguise. But we are premising.

Laureo, as we have seen, was asked to send on the subsidy to Scotland, while he remained in Paris, and he was sufficiently indulgent towards Mary to pay over one monthly instalment before receiving further orders from Rome. When those orders came, they contained a very precise injunction to give nothing more until he reached Scotland, and even when he got there he was to make no further payments until he had satisfied himself that the previous instalments had been spent for the cause of religion. Laureo immediately communicated this news to the Cardinal of Lorraine, and they resolved that a messenger should at once be sent to Mary to convey to her the latest Papal decision, and to urge her to give some proof of her sincerity on the lines laid down by Laureo in his letter of August already alluded to. The Cardinal of Lorraine did not give his consent to this plan without some reluctance, but he finally yielded to Laureo's persuasions, and sent a messenger to make proposals in accordance with the Nuncio's suggestions. It is to be regretted that nothing more is known of this mission, neither the name of the envoy,¹ nor the text of his instructions, nor the course of his negotiations. Laureo only mentions that a negative answer to his propositions had been received by the 1st of November.

Long before this, however, in fact very soon after the messenger left, yet other orders arrived from Rome, bidding Laureo put an end at once to the embassy to Mary, and to

¹ When alluding to this subject in a previous number of this magazine (April, 1898), I identified this messenger with the M. de Villermont mentioned by M. Philippon, *Règne de Marie Stuart*, iii. 117. The reference and note should be modified according to what is stated above.

return straightway to his see. Laureo, with commendable independence, as it seems to me, decided to suspend obedience for the moment, until he should come to a thorough understanding with Mary about her policy of conciliation, that is, until he had made sure what that policy was, and shown her clearly what her friends thought of it. For this purpose more messengers must be sent, and it was decided that the Bishop of Dunblane and Father Hay were the fittest people to go. The Bishop had already been employed by Mary as her advocate, and had thrown himself into that part with very commendable ardour, so that it was only natural that the Nuncio should attach less weight to his views and representations than to those of "Padre Edmondo," of whose entire devotion to the highest interests of the Church he was assured. Hence it came about that the mission to Mary from the Holy See, in which Father Hay was originally to have had a subordinate part only, in its last stages practically devolved on him alone. It is again to be regretted that in his case, as in the case of the envoy of the Cardinal of Lorraine, we are without precise details about instructions, negotiations, and reports, though the principal doings of the envoys are recorded in Bishop Laureo's correspondence.

The departure was originally to have been on October 20th, but was put off, perhaps on account of Mary's sickness at Jedburgh. The actual start from Paris was made on November 7th, but they were not able to put to sea till nearly a month later, having been kept back by contrary winds. Edinburgh was at length reached on December 13th, but not even then could they obtain audience from Mary, as her attention was entirely occupied with the preparations for the baptism of James. This ceremony probably caused her as much or more satisfaction than she received from any other event in her chequered life. It was at once a court pageant, the grandest there had been in Scotland during her reign; it was a great religious ceremony, a pledge, she hoped, of the eventual liberation of the Church; and it was also an unspeakable gratification to her as a mother, for it implied a tacit recognition of her son as heir to England, Scotland, and Ireland. Finally, if this event is noteworthy as one of the brightest spots in Mary's life, it should also be remembered that it was the last joy of its sort which was ever to gladden her.

When it was over and the great guests were gone, she gave

audience to the Bishop and Father Hay. Unfortunately, we have only vague information of what took place at it. Laureo received from the Bishop a letter in praise of Mary's good intentions, while Father Hay, fearing the dangers of the post and hoping to return soon, did not write to him at all, but sent a few rather obscure lines to Father Manare, whence the Nuncio gathered that Mary had refused his proposals, for reasons which Hay did not approve. Some further light is thrown on the subject by a later document, a memorandum on Scottish Catholic affairs drawn up after Father Hay's death, but which perhaps incorporates information which came from him, or from the Bishop of Dunblane. According to this source the Bishop exhorted the Queen "to purge both Scotland and England from heresy." If war should follow, Catholics here and abroad would assist. This would be her last opportunity of doing so with success. "The Queen's answer was to the following effect: that she could not stain her hands with the blood of her subjects; that the Queen of England . . . regarded her as her lawful heir, and had already sent her some tokens of love and good-will."¹

Father Hay did not find an opportunity of returning to Paris immediately, and stayed on, that he might make the journey under the protection of Solaro Bertino Moretta, the ambassador of Savoy. He was, therefore, in Edinburgh on the fatal night of February 10th, when Darnley was murdered, and the information which he then obtained is confessedly the basis of Bishop Laureo's letter of March 16th,² which may almost be called our classical authority on the subject. We do not possess any account of his doings in Scotland from his own pen, but the Annual Letters of the College of Paris give us an account of some at least of his adventures.

The Reverend Father Edmund, our Rector, travelled to Scotland last year with the Bishop of Dunblane. While there he gave an example of modesty, constantly refused the honours which his friends and kinsfolk offered him unasked. He preached the Catholic Faith freely and [made] many wise [answers] to the calumnies of the wicked, making

¹ Stevenson's *Nau's Memoirs of Mary Queen of Scots*, p. 123. One would gather from Laureo's letter of February 22, 1567, that the envoys did not propose the original scheme of August 21, 1566, which Mary had already refused to entertain. But under whatever form the proposals were made, they would in their consequences have agreed pretty well with the account of them given in the memoirs quoted in the text.

² Lobanoff, *Recueil des Lettres de M. Stuart*, vii. 105.

known everywhere who he was and whence he came. He reduced a doctor of that creed [to silence] and restored to the Church a man of noble birth. . . . On his way home he animated and consoled many in London, both men and women. He performed a similar good office, and wrote some letters for the Bishop of that town [*i.e.*, Bishop Bonner], who is detained in prison.

Though Mary still talked of desiring the Nuncio's presence, yet it was evident that the opportunity for his ministrations in Scotland was further off than ever, and in accordance with oft-repeated orders of recall, Laureo left Paris on April 10th, and returned to Mondovi. Mary then requested that he would at least send some one to her, through whom she might communicate her plans and justify herself for any apparent faults that might be found with her. Laureo wished to send Hay back once more, when the news of the match with Bothwell arrived, which for the time put an end to all further intercourse between the Pope and Mary.

When the Nuncio was forwarding the news of Darnley's death and the ensuing troubles, he did not forget to add—as men are wont to do under such circumstances—that if Mary had taken his advice she would have escaped her great misfortunes. Was this so? Was her *soverchia compassione* [overruling leniency], as he called it, a principal factor in her fall? It is easier to speculate on such a question than to offer a final affirmative or negative answer to it.

On the one hand, it seems clear that far more harm than good would have ensued from the execution of a forcible measure, like that advised by Laureo, even supposing that such measure might have been within the bounds of justice, and sanctioned by the feeling of the age. Mary had not the strength to carry such a policy to its necessary conclusion. To have commenced it would therefore have been disastrous.

On the other hand, proofs, obvious proofs, are not wanting that Mary's leniency really did exceed the limits of moderation. She herself and her supporters implicitly admit this when they so freely blame Murray and his associates with *oft-repeated* ingratitude. There could not have been room for frequent crimes of this nature, if her mercy had been better regulated by prudence. When, for instance, she says that Murray made plots to seize her thrice in eight months, and that she forgave him each time, the defence against a charge of over-leniency seems to be practically given away. Nor indeed would a frank, open

soul like Mary's deny the imputation. She herself freely blames "our clemency, yea, rather our foolishness, . . . nothing remembering the old saying, that they who in such treasonable inventions are once rooted do never convalesce."¹

We may, therefore, certainly conclude that there was a middle course somewhere between the excessive rigour, which Mary properly declined to adopt, and the over-confidence with which she entrusted all her affairs to the management of disloyal men, even though we cannot at this distance of time point to the golden mean to which she should have held. But if she did fail to solve perfectly a most difficult political problem, we may also surely say that she came nearer to solving it than any other ruler of her age. At a time when toleration was neither practised, honoured, or understood, she employed all her skill, tact, and self-restraint in its cause. If she erred, she erred on the right side, and her error will ever be regarded with far more sorrow than anger.

J. H. POLLEN.

¹ Lobanoff, vii. 316; Sir W. Fraser, *The Lennox* (1874), ii. 438.

Vocations.

FOR those of us who are solicitous—and who is not—for the return of our fellow-countrymen to the unity of the Catholic faith, the subject of “vocations,” to the priesthood or to the religious state, must necessarily present itself as one of some importance. For, however great the influence, direct and indirect, of the laity may be, it is the priests and religious of the country who must for the most part serve as the immediate instruments in the hands of God for the bringing about of conversions. And not only are we all of us called on from time to time to help forward by our alms the great work of ecclesiastical education in the various dioceses of England, but it may happen to any one of us at any time, that some one in whom we are interested, or who is in some degree dependent on us, may be called, or may seem to be called to embrace the ecclesiastical or the religious state, or to enter upon a course of preparation for the one or the other. It is notorious that in some parts of the country, at least, the supply of ecclesiastical and religious vocations falls far short even of our immediate and pressing needs; and looking merely to the earliest stage of preparation for the priesthood, it may be said without offence that sometimes the supply of candidates is found to fall short of what might be wished for, in quality no less than in point of number. In the latter case, it is to be presumed that either the shortcomings are made good in the course of years of study and training, or else the candidate returns sooner or later to his home, not always the better for an attempt which has issued in failure. To this subject of failures we shall recur a little later. In the meanwhile, we propose to say a few words on the nature and marks of a “Vocation.” For it must clearly be helpful towards right action, and towards the abstention from wrong or ill-advised action, in individual cases, to have as clear a notion on the subject as is attainable. In what follows, we have, of course, no sort of claim to speak with authority;

and we are fully aware that the matter may present itself otherwise to the minds of others. The value of an opinion is just that of the grounds on which it is based, no more and no less. At the same time, it will not be superfluous to point out in the course of the argument, that the view here set forth is in substantial agreement with the teaching of approved writers; for to do this is to guard against the possible reproach of being a purveyor of novelties.

Now, the first point which presents itself for consideration is this: Are we entitled to postulate the necessity of an individual call to the ecclesiastical or the religious state? The question can hardly be regarded as rash, for it is asked, or at least suggested, by Father Palmieri, the latest writer who has dealt systematically with the subject, and an author whose orthodoxy no one would be likely to impugn. In connection with ecclesiastical vocations in particular, the words of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "*Nec quisquam sumit sibi honorem, sed qui vocatus est tanquam Aaron,*" have commonly been quoted. But these words, taken by themselves, are not conclusive. The writer of the Epistle is here speaking of a very special office, that of the High Priest of the Levitical Dispensation, and of that other High Priest, of whom Aaron was but a type. And we cannot extend the meaning of the words, or rather the principle which underlies them, to priests in general, still less to Religious in general, except under limitations which it is impossible to define on *à priori* grounds. The whole body of the Levitical priesthood may be said to have been "called;" but the call was external and collective, not interior and individual. Father Palmieri writes: "What the inspired writer has said of the dignity of the High Priesthood, is extended (*traducitur*) by analogy to every kind of priestly dignity, and to the ecclesiastical state as a whole;" but he immediately adds: "It is manifest that in the words just quoted, there is question, properly speaking, of an external call and mission, not of an internal vocation."¹ Whether he is right, or whether he is mistaken in this interpretation, it seems wiser to look for other Scriptural passages which may perhaps throw light on the subject, than to endeavour to draw inferences from a text of which the practical application is far from clear.

More to our present purpose, perhaps, are our Lord's words to the rich young man: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell all that

¹ Ballerini-Palmieri, *Opus Morale*, iv. 172.

thou hast," &c., and again, His words concerning the counsel of celibacy embraced "for the Kingdom of Heaven"—*Qui potest capere capiat*. In these last words two principles seem to be implied, viz., (1) that only a relatively small proportion of persons are capable, in the full sense of the terms, of embracing the counsels of perfection, and (2) that those who are capable of doing so are invited to embrace them. "The counsels of perfection," says Palmieri, "are, in fact, proposed without discrimination to all Christians." *Qui potest capere capiat*: Let him that is capable undertake them.

The question then, "Have I a vocation to the religious life, or to the priesthood?" would seem to reduce itself, for the individual, to this other question: "Is the general invitation issued by our Lord applicable to or available for me in particular? Do I fall within its terms? Those come within its terms who are capable. Am I capable?" This is not quite the same thing as saying that the capacity for following the counsels *is* a vocation. It is more correct to say that this capacity is the condition under which the general vocation issued by our Lord becomes available for this or that individual.

If then this be so, "capacity," in the fullest sense of the term, of which more must be said hereafter, is the one thing needful, and nothing more in the way of an individual call would seem to be required. That an individual may be "called" by a very special inspiration of Divine grace, no one would wish to deny. The position here maintained is that no such special inspiration can be postulated, or even expected without danger of delusion. And this seems to be in harmony with the teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas. In a passage of the *Summa*, which at least deserves to be well known, he propounds the question whether it is necessary that a man (or a woman) should deliberate for a long time, or take counsel with many persons, before determining to enter a Religious Order. And he answers in effect: "No, because counsel is required in doubtful matters; but it is certain, and by no means doubtful, that the religious state is better than that of persons in the world."¹ And what he says of the religious state may certainly be said of the ecclesiastical state, and this more especially where the choice of

¹ "Respondeo dicendum quod diuturna deliberatio et multorum consilia requiruntur in magnis dubiis. . . . In his autem quæ sunt certa et determinata non requiritur consilium. . . . [Porro] certum est quod ingressus religionis est melius bonum; et qui de hoc dubitat, quantum est in se, derogat Christo, qui hoc consilium dedit," &c. (*Secunda Secundæ*, q. clxxxix. a. 10.)

the ecclesiastical state involves the exercise, in one shape or form, of the active ministry. Moreover, this teaching of St. Thomas is confirmed, as it seems to us, by yet other passages of Holy Scripture. By the parable of the talents, our Lord seems to teach us that it is His will that we should turn our gifts, whether natural or supernatural, to the best possible advantage in the interests of our Master. The mere fact that the talents have been given to us in charge, is a sufficient indication that—so far as circumstances may permit—we are intended to use them, on behalf of the Kingdom of Heaven. We say, so far as circumstances may permit, because, in all speculations on this subject, it must be borne in mind that (to take an illustration from economics) opportunity is one of the determinants of actual as distinguished from potential value. Bank of England notes are, presumably, not current among the Andaman islanders; and the intellectual or administrative gifts of the proverbial village Hampden may, for lack of opportunity, be in the nature of an unconvertible asset. But the possession of a gift, together with the opportunity for using it, brings its possessor within the scope of our Lord's commission: "Trade till I come." Again, we are bidden to pray the Lord of the harvest that He would send workmen into His harvest; a prayer which would come with an ill grace from one who, being himself fit for harvest work, should yet hang back from the very enterprise for the furtherance of which he expresses his solicitude.

We are then, as it seems to us, putting forward no novel opinion; but merely stating the fundamental principles which underlie the whole theory of vocations, and which are as old as the Gospel itself. "Ripeness is all," as Shakespeare's Leonatus said in another sense. The only questions which the Church asks concerning her candidates for ordination are, in effect: (1) Is he free? (2) Is he willing? (3) Is he fit, or worthy?

But now, as to the full sense and purport of the terms "capacity" and "capable." The capacity for the religious life, or for the ecclesiastical state, is no small matter. It is found, not in the many, but in the relatively few. It implies, in the purely natural order, not merely a certain modicum of health, and of bodily vigour, and a certain measure of intellectual gifts, but, as a much more important element than this, a certain strength and stability of character, and a certain nobility of soul without which the religious life, or the life of a priest, would

tend to become either an hypocrisy or an intolerable burden. And in addition to this endowment of natural qualities, which taken together might be regarded as constituting "fitness" in the abstract, there must be, under ordinary circumstances, formed habits of virtue, and in particular of purity, of sobriety, and of piety, together with a firm determination, or better still a strong desire, to serve God in the more perfect state or condition of life. And this is where the supernatural element most especially enters. For such a determination or desire can only be the gift of God to the individual soul, which is no more capable of forming it without the help of Divine grace than it is capable of making an act of faith, hope, or charity, without the same kind (speaking generically) of supernatural help. We have heard the objection urged against the view here put forward, that it eliminates the action of God altogether; or again, that it eliminates that personal relation with the Master in which those believe themselves to stand who deem that they have received a personal call from Him. Now nothing could be further from the mind of the writer than to eliminate or minimize the action of God in the matter of vocations, or again to eliminate or minimize the personal relations of the chosen soul with its Maker. The question merely is, *how* does God act in the matter? Is there a *special* mystery in the matter of vocations differing in kind from the other operations of Divine grace? A true vocation involves or implies a considerable enlightenment of the understanding and a notable impulse of the will. But all the operations of Divine grace proceed by way of enlightenment and impulse; and it does not appear that there is any adequate ground for postulating, in the case of a vocation, anything more than a clearer insight into truths already known, and the drawing of the will to act in accordance with these truths. To have received this gift from God puts us, surely, into intimate personal relations with Him; relations the closeness and constancy of which may be indefinitely increased.

Two practical conclusions would seem to follow from the opinion concerning vocations which has been put forward. The first is, that when the time comes for an "election," the person concerned has only to weigh carefully and in the concrete the reasons for and against the more perfect state of life which is in question. In the abstract there can be no doubt as to whether a life devoted entirely to the service of God is better than a life not so devoted. But external circumstances, such as

the lack of the needful material resources, may render the adoption of such a state of life impossible ; or duty may stand in the way ; or the necessary intellectual and moral qualifications may be wanting ; or, whereas other qualities are not lacking, there may be an unaccountable repugnance to the ecclesiastical or the religious life, a repugnance not momentary or transient but habitual and more or less dominant ; or lastly, the circumstances and character of the individual may be such as to make it clear that he or she can serve God to better purpose in the world than as an ecclesiastic or religious ; for it is better to be a zealous and devoted layman than to be a half-hearted or only half-competent religious or priest. When these considerations have been fairly and deliberately weighed, the choice may be made without any waiting for interior voices or special signs of a personal call. Such at least seems to us to be the plain teaching of St. Ignatius in the *Spiritual Exercises*. And a firm hold of this teaching is surely a great safeguard on the one hand against self-delusion, and on the other hand against undue dependence on a director.

And the second practical conclusion is this. Since a firm determination or a strong desire to serve God more perfectly is so important an element in the complex notion of "capacity" for the higher life, it follows that a vocation does not ordinarily come to a boy or girl ready-made. Such a determination or desire is commonly of very gradual growth. It is like a tender plant, which is capable of being either fostered and cultivated by the concurrent action of Divine grace, of human free-will, and of surrounding influences, but which is also easily killed by the frosts and rough weather of the world. Many a boy and many a girl has in his or her heart the seeds of a vocation which may or may not come to maturity according as the surroundings are or are not favourable to its growth ; and according as the care of the young gardener is or is not faithfully and wisely exerted. But when the time comes for a definite choice, it were futile to inquire into might-have-beens. The question which has to be answered is : What does God wish me to do *now* ? If He wishes me to embrace the ecclesiastical or the religious state, that is my vocation. And for the ascertainment of His will, He wishes me to use the reasoning faculty which He has given me ; He wishes me to weigh by means of my reason enlightened by faith, the pros and cons of the matter. He wishes me to pray for light and for strength ; but when I have

done this, used my reason, and tested my own will and inclinations, in other words, when I have "sat down and counted the cost," then I have used the ordinary means for ascertaining the truth. A determination so reached, and again commended to God by prayer, is a valid "election;" and no clearer sign of a vocation can be reasonably demanded.

For the sake of clearness, it may be worth while once more to state the general principle. Palmieri writes :

If it be asked what are the indications of a true vocation, I answer that two are ordinarily found, and are sufficient, viz., when a person is . . . endowed with those qualities which the state of life requires, and at the same time, having regard to the end for which he was created, finds by experience that (the thought of) this state seriously and constantly pleases him, judging that with God's help he will easily attain his end in this state.¹

It will be observed that Palmieri here lays down two conditions, viz., fitness and a satisfaction, based on supernatural motives, in the thought of the more perfect kind of life. And with this opinion the present article is entirely in accord. But having regard to our Lord's own words, it would perhaps be more correct to say that the inclination, satisfaction, or desire, which enters as an element into the conditions or signs of a vocation, is properly included under the wider notion of "capacity." The inclination or desire is, in fact, part of the necessary spiritual outfit. The point which it has seemed well to emphasize is that if a person is otherwise fit, and has a rightly motivated and constant desire to enter upon the ecclesiastical or religious state, and if there be no external obstacle or counter-vailing duty, and no special circumstances which would make a life in the world more desirable in the individual case, then no further sign of a vocation need be, or can usefully be looked for.

We now pass on from this very brief sketch of the theory of the subject to say a few words on the external conditions which are favourable to the growth of vocations among the young. Educated Catholics are well aware how urgently our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. has insisted on the importance of the right ordering of the Christian home. And among the reasons why the right ordering of the Christian home is of such supreme importance, not the least weighty is that the bearing of the earliest

¹ Op. cit. iv. 134.

impressions of a child on the possibility or probability of its vocation in after-years to the priesthood or the religious state is immeasurably great. Where the child, from the first dawn of reason, sees that those by whom it is surrounded, and to whom it necessarily and in fact unconsciously looks for example and guidance, make their chief aim and object in life the attainment of success in the struggle for wealth, or of a maximum of enjoyment of whatever kind, whether refined or vulgar, or where the example set before it is that of a *fainéant* indolence, the chances are overwhelmingly against the gradual building up of a higher ideal in the mind of the child. Making all allowance for exceptional cases, a vocation requires a congenial soil wherein to take root, and a healthful atmosphere in which to grow. And although this soil and this atmosphere may in some degree be provided in a good Catholic school, nothing can fully compensate for its absence where it ought to be found, viz., in the home. The Squire of Skipton-le-Grange and Mrs. Riversdale, in *One Poor Scruple*, are by no means ideally perfect characters, but at least their household was one in which a vocation had a fair opportunity of germinating and growing to maturity. But the influences of a convent school or of a Catholic college would have but a poor chance against those of the home in which Madge Riversdale (*née* O'Reilly) was reared. The practical application is sufficiently obvious. May God grant that the coming century may see a deepening of the sense of responsibility in Christian parents, a growing conviction of the necessity that God should have the first place in the home, if the children are to have that opportunity which their Heavenly Father desires that they should have, of choosing the better part. This would indeed be a worthy outcome of the homage of the Catholic world to the Person of our Lord Jesus Christ which has been specified as the distinctive feature of the "Holy Year."

But now we are confronted with a very grave and serious difficulty in the matter of vocations. Among those who are in easy circumstances there is, thanks to the universal spread of education, little reason to fear a want of fitness for the ecclesiastical state on the part of those in whom the desire for this state has taken deep root. External obstacles there may be, and what we may call psychological unfitness; but where the latter is found, the desire is not likely to assert itself. But what about the poor? We have heard it calmly asserted, by persons of the most unimpeachable respectability, that they do not approve of

boys being sent to college from poor homes with a view to their studying for the priesthood. Such persons would no doubt have been ready with suggestions as to the choice of the Apostles. They would have been prepared to set St. Paul right when he said: "See your calling, brethren, that there are not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble; but the foolish things of this world hath God chosen, that He may confound the wise; and the weak things of this world hath God chosen, that He may confound the strong; and the base things of the world, and the things that are contemptible hath God chosen, that He might bring to nought things that are."¹ And the history of the Church from its outset would have borne the impress of the most staid and studied decorum; except that on these principles of respectability there would have been no Church, and it would consequently have had no history. The Council of Trent would of course, on this hypothesis, never have been held; but if, *per impossibile*, it had been held, our friends would have been ready with their correction of a passage in the eighteenth chapter of the twenty-third session, which runs thus: "The Holy Synod wishes that (as candidates to be educated in Episcopal seminaries) *the sons of poor parents should be especially chosen*, without, however, excluding those of the well-to-do (*ditiorum*), provided that the latter are educated at their own expense, and that they manifest a desire (*studium*) of serving God and the Church." It may be charitably supposed that "invincible ignorance" excuses these excellent persons, and hides from their own eyes their close relationship to the eminently respectable and "most strait sect" of the Pharisees.

And yet, although the principles which one may sometimes hear expressed on this subject are radically and mischievously unsound, it is most unfortunately true as a simple matter of fact that, here in England at least, the vocations or supposed vocations of boys coming from the homes of the poor in a very large proportion of cases do not turn out well. And probably in no department of charitable enterprise has there been a larger measure of fruitless expenditure than in the education for the priesthood of boys who, as they grow up into manhood, belie the promise of their earlier years, and who are sent back from college more or less unfitted for the kind of life which henceforth they must needs lead, or who only swell the already

¹ 1 Cor. i. 26—28.

overcrowded ranks of competitors for small clerkships and the like.

What, then, is the reason of these failures? Assuredly not mere poverty as such. A certain percentage of such *vocations manquées* may no doubt be set down to some inherited incapacity or congenital unfitness which has been overlooked. Any one who has had some little experience in education will be aware how often it happens that the intelligent child of ten develops into a vacuous-minded youth at eighteen, the fact being that a precocious memory is no guarantee of future intellectual ability, still less of real force of character and stability of purpose. But making every allowance for cases like these, for failures which an experienced judgment would perhaps have foreseen long before the conclusion that the lad is unfit has been finally and unwillingly arrived at, there remains a very large proportion of cases in which the cause of the collapse is to be sought in the ideals which from his earliest years the candidate has learned to set before himself. Low views of life have prevailed in his home, and these low views of life he has unconsciously imbibed. And if for a time he has been, at least in appearance, emancipated therefrom, the tendency to revert to them when the freshness of first fervour has worn off is exceedingly strong. Between low views and poverty there is no necessary connection. Whoever has had the opportunity of seeking and the good fortune to find his best and truest friends among the poor—a piece of good fortune which no one need look for who has not learned to treat the poor with that reverence which is their due—will have learned that true nobility of character, generosity of heart, courtesy of manners, may dwell in a cottage no less than in a castle or in a semi-detached suburban villa. But, alas! it must be confessed that among our own poor here in England at the present day, these qualities are, to say the least, less common than they are or have been in some Catholic countries. And it is not poverty, but the comparative rarity of these qualities among our poor which is, in our opinion, the great and far-reaching cause of the comparative paucity of “good vocations” (we use the adjective advisedly) among us.

Can anything be done, otherwise than by the clergy in their pulpits, in their familiar addresses to members of confraternities, and in their pastoral visits, to Christianize, in the full sense of the term, the homes of our poor? This is a very practical

question, on the solution of which the supply of good vocations in the coming century will in large measure depend.

To this question we would answer that most assuredly something can be done. Much has been already done through the instrumentality of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. A first principle with the members of this Society is, we need hardly say, that they do not seek merely or principally to exercise philanthropy towards others, but trust to find in the service of the poor their own spiritual advantage. When this principle is genuinely and constantly operative, it cannot but be that the dispositions of unselfishness and generosity will be aroused and propagated among the poor themselves. But, even more important, perchance, than the organized work of this or any other society, is the gradual elimination of those barriers of caste, the setting up of which is part of our doleful inheritance from the so-called Reformation. The more thoroughly we can learn the lesson, so much insisted on by Leo XIII., that we are all members of one household of faith—a household in which the poor are the favoured members, the more cordial must necessarily become the intercourse of classes. And this cordial intercourse, a very different thing from the distribution of doles by deputy, is one of the influences which is most earnestly needed for the cultivation of higher ideals of life among rich and poor alike. Father Gasquet's words about the mutual relations of rich and poor in England in pre-Reformation times will be familiar to many readers of *THE MONTH*. The more thoroughly these truly Christian relations are re-established among us, the better will be the prospects of a supply of "good vocations" from that class in which the Council of Trent expressed the wish and the hope that they would be mainly drawn.

H. LUCAS.

Archbishop Laud on Apostolical Succession.

THE extent to which the admirers of what is commonly called the "Laudian Revival" recognize the fact that Archbishop Laud did not believe in Apostolical Succession, in the sense in which that term is understood, not only by the Catholic Church but also by modern High Anglicans, is not known to the present writer, who, however, ventures to think that, if they fully recognize it, they are remarkably silent on the subject.

Laud's opinions on Episcopacy have long lain before the world in his *Conference with Fisher* and *The History of the Troubles and Trial of William Laud*:

Most evident it is [says he]¹ that the succession which the Fathers meant is not tied to place or person, but it is tied to verity of doctrine. . . . For succession,² in the general, I shall say this: it is a great happiness where it may be had visible and continued, and a great conquest over the mutability of this present world. But I do not find any one of the ancient Fathers that makes local, personal, visible, and continued succession a necessary sign or mark of the true Church in any one place.

The succession, he plainly tells us, is in the doctrine, and not in the person, and he would consequently seem to indicate that, if, for some reason, the priesthood were not to be "continued," any person, in the "verity of doctrine," might start a fresh priesthood, quite as Apostolical as the former, provided, we suppose, he were legally appointed by the State. In short, the chief advantage that he saw in an unbroken Apostolical Succession was that it exhibited "a great conquest over the mutability of this present world."

Laud distinctly repudiates the Catholic doctrine of Episcopacy. "Neither is episcopacy, in all the parts and powers of it, that which it was in time of Popery, and still is in the Roman Church," says he, in his *History*.³

¹ *Conference with Fisher*, Edit. Oxford, 1839, p. 323.

² P. 322.

³ P. 141.

Whatever may be the attitude of modern High Anglicans towards the Catholic Church, they will have nothing to do with the foreign Protestant Churches, on the ground that these have no Bishops and no Orders. The Swedish Bishops, say they, have not Apostolical Succession, and the Lutherans do not profess to have either that Succession or Bishops.

Laud was of a very different opinion. He was far from being "so straight-laced as not to admit the Churches of Sweden and Denmark, and indeed all, or most of the Lutherans," to be true Churches. In his opinion, all these bodies had Bishops and had Orders, as much as the Anglicans :

For [says he]¹ in Sweden they retain both the Thing and the Name, and the Governours of their Churches are, and are called Bishops. And among the other Lutherans the Thing is retained, though not the Name. For, instead of Bishops, they are called Superintendents. And yet even here, too, these Names differ more in sound than in sense. For Bishop is the same in Greek that Superintendent is in Latin. Nor is this change very well liked by the learned. Howsoever—[and let particular attention be paid to this sentence]—Howsoever, Luther, since he would change the Name, did yet very wisely, that he would leave the Thing, and make choice of such a name as was not altogether unknown to the Ancient Church.

Laud, therefore, would have smiled if he could have been told by modern Anglicans that the Lutherans have no Bishops and no Orders. The Thing, Bishop, he would have replied, they certainly have, and, if they use not the English rendering of the Latin *episcopus*, they use that of its Greek etymological equivalent. Don't be so straight-laced !

Episcopacy, in Laud's eyes, was more a "Form of Government" than anything higher. On the page quoted above, he says: "Nor is the other Form of Government," *i.e.*, Presbytery, without episcopacy, "received, maintained, and practised in all other Reformed Churches," unless, indeed, anybody should be "so straight-laced" as to deny that the Lutherans have Orders and Bishops, in fact, if not in name. Both Episcopacy and Presbytery, or Presbyterianism, were simply Forms of Government, and nothing else, in his opinion.

If the modern High Anglicans could have interrogated Laud concerning the form and the matter of the sacrament, in the consecration of the Thing, Bishop, under the Name of Superintendent, he would probably have replied that it was "a great

¹ *History*, p. 141.

happiness where "the form and the matter of a sacrament are all that could be wished, but that he did not "find any one of the ancient Fathers that" made such "local, personal, and visible" things a *sine quâ non*. And, if the inquirer had gone on to say—"What about the intention of the administrator?" his answer would doubtless have been very similar to that which he gave to Father Fisher,¹ when he denied even the necessity of a "purpose to do therein as the Church doth," for the validity of a sacrament; adding, "nor is the intention of either bishop or priest of absolute necessity to the essence of a sacrament."

A modern Anglican biographer of Laud's, the Rev. John Baines, has brought out the points treated above very clearly. He says:²

There is more in Episcopacy than a form of government. But this was not seen at first; the primary impression of many of the Reformers being that they were all, episcopal or otherwise, on an equal footing. This will account for the evident unwillingness on the part of the rulers of the English Church at the time of the Reformation to commit themselves to any statement on the subject of Orders, which might have the effect of cutting off the foreigners [Protestant foreigners] from communion. This was only natural, for foreigners were invited and encouraged to come; it would have therefore been most unmannerly to have passed any enactment against them. The validity of Orders conferred by the foreign consistories was therefore looked upon as an open question. Many who had received no other ordination were admitted to livings, and divines, sound in the main, were unwilling to pass any decided opinion. Even Hooker takes no higher ground than the lawfulness of episcopacy, and allows necessity as justification of ordination by Presbyters; while the more advanced in the new doctrine thought this an unnecessary limitation, and that under all circumstances Presbyters were equal to Bishops.

A few lines further on, he quotes Bishop Cosin, a divine of Laud's school, and about twenty years his junior, who got into great trouble on account of his extreme High Church views—as saying:

If a Minister so ordained in these French Churches [*i.e.*, French Protestant Churches] came to incorporate himself with ours, and to receive a public charge or cure of souls among us in the Church of England (as I have known some of them to have done of late, and can instance many others before my time), &c., . . . nor did our laws require more of [them] than to declare [their] consent to the religion received among us, and to subscribe the Articles established.

¹ P. 229.

² *Life of Laud*, p. 125.

Here was a practical acknowledgment of one of two things ; either that the appointment of pastors by the French Protestants constituted valid Orders, or that there was no such thing as Apostolical Succession. Indeed, subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles would appear to have constituted the essence of the Anglican Sacrament of Ordination.

In Laud's case, this position was further proved by his action in an attempt to bring about a Union of all the Protestant bodies. This scheme had originated with one, John Durie, and it was thus described in a letter from Sir Thomas Roe to Laud's predecessor, Archbishop Abbot :¹

To negotiate with the Elector, who is the first prince of the Lutheran confession, for it seems to us that there is nothing wanting but the publick declaration of his Majesty and the Church of England, and this I dare pronounce that the temporal estate and peace of the Princes of our religion can never be secure unless it be fenced by this union of ecclesiastical peace that all the Reformed Churches, however not fully agreed in rites and ceremonies, and in some expositions *de modo*, and such school points, yet that they may be incorporated together as one body, and the schisms removed.

When Durie was about to attend the Diet, at Frankfort, with the object of furthering this scheme, Laud gave him letters to take with him, which Durie describes² as "emphatical enough, and full of strong expressions of love towards the work." How much love towards such a work would now be expressed by even the most moderate of High Churchmen it is not very difficult to imagine. Durie's efforts were not crowned with success, but, in a letter to Sir Thomas Roe,³ Laud says : "That it succeeded not was no fault of mine."

Great indignation was expressed by the Anglican Bishops and clergy when the present Pope pronounced their Orders to be invalid. Would Laud have been equally indignant? Contented as he was prepared to be with Bishops or Superintendents consecrated by simple Presbyters—and those simple Presbyters, perhaps, French or German pastors, who had not even received such Orders as the Established Church pretended to administer—he would probably have replied, not by attempting to prove Anglican Orders to be valid in the Catholic sense, but by denying the necessity of the Catholic standard of validity, adding

¹ State Papers, Car. I. *Dom.* vol. 243, 17.

² State Papers, Car. I. *Dom.* vol. 262.

³ State Papers, Car. I. *Dom.* vol. 266, 14.

his already-quoted statement that "neither is episcopacy, in all parts and powers of it, that which it was in the time of Popery, and still is in the Roman Church."

But readers shall be left to draw for themselves any further inferences, of which many—and those highly important—would appear to be offered, from the attitude of that great High Church dignitary, Archbishop Laud, towards the question of Apostolical Succession; and it is here submitted that that attitude consisted in considering Apostolical Succession to exist in doctrine and not in person, to be something quite different from the Apostolical Succession believed in by the Roman Catholic Church, and to bring happiness where it might be had "visible and continued," not for its own sake, or as a "necessary sign or mark of the true Church," but because its unbroken continuance presented an edifying contrast to "the mutability of this present world," with the rider that it existed in the Lutheran as well as in sundry other Continental Protestant Churches, fully as much as in the Established Church of England.

T. L.

Letter-writing and a Modern Writer.

THERE are probably few among those who find solace in keeping a Journal, of whom it may not be said with reasonable safety, that they write with some half-conscious reference to an imaginary public. Self-esteem (this is to blame no one) will not allow the ordinary man to commit his innermost feelings naked to the chilly guardianship of white paper, even though the same be for his particular eye alone. There are facts about all of us which we rarely mention even to ourselves, and we unconsciously mould our opinions and even our characters (as much as we show of them) upon convention, when we come to state them with all the circumstance of writing.

I do not, of course, speak of downright insincerity, such for instance as leads some men, devoid of all artistic sense, to affect extasy over the poem or picture of the moment. But it seems natural that the histrionic element which is present in every character, should be most strongly in evidence when a man is consciously interpreting himself and his emotions, as in a Journal. For this reason Diaries published by their authors must not be taken over seriously ; nor must we as a general rule expect to find in them any particularly intimate revelation of the personality of their authors.

Letters, which may be looked upon as a species of fragmentary or condensed Journal, cannot altogether escape this imputation of insincerity, though there is probably less temptation to pose when writing to a friend, than there is when merely writing "at large."

There is an impenetrable veil between man and man which renders even speech partly nugatory as a vehicle of communication, and we know how often passing expressions are misconstrued with disastrous effects to friendship. Thus Emerson's ideal friend—before whom we "may drop even those undermost

garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off," and with whom we may deal "with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another," however desirable as an ideal, is from the very nature of man, quite non-existent in fact.

Complete ingenuousness in any matter is, we must suppose, so rare among men as to be almost a negligible factor in our analysis of their motives; and if we bear in mind that in writing for another to read we are to provide as far as is possible against all misconstruction of our words, the necessarily artificial character of this act must be obvious.

Seneca wished his letters to run as easily and be as free from all that is *accersitum ac fictum* as his conversation; while Erasmus gives a list of the attributes of the perfect letter as it recommended itself to his judgment, which would, if carried out, make of this art one of the most intricate sciences imaginable. But Seneca and Erasmus have this in common, that they admit a great deal too much self-consciousness on the part of the writer. One is anxious lest he should appear stilted, the other is tortured by the fear of not being *argumento, loco, tempori, personæ, quam maxime accommodatus*.

It is probably true of letter-writing that those do best who give the least thought to doing well; who write with a running pen; who write as poets sing—"because they must."

It is said that letter-writing must now be counted among the lost arts. A variety of reasons are assigned for this: the impatience of modern life, steam, electricity, and the penny post, among them. No one, it is said, cares now to sit down and cover his fair paper with things which, if they are unimportant, can wait; and if they are urgent, may be communicated by telegraph. Later on, when electrical science shall have more fully justified our expectations of it, we shall converse face to face across oceans and continents, and stationers will put up their shutters.

But history teaches us that there are some things destined never to be superseded, and I think letter-writing must be among them. As long as we are men and not galvanized automata, so long will ink and pens and the faculty of using them exert their fascination, and one of the last human weaknesses to disappear will be the amiable indiscretion of committing oneself to paper. *Littera scripta manet* is an old warning posted up by the road that many have walked to their undoing: but

one of the charms of proverbial wisdom is that it influences nobody, and so we go on delivering ourselves upbound into the hands of persons as improvident as we are.

Letters, indeed, in the Walpoleian sense—periwigged and powdered letters, with their stately nothings and bed-chamber confidences—are, if you please, gone the common way. They do not fit our age; which is a very good one. But it is not a fact that no one does nowadays profess the Art Epistolary; this is the cant of those who can find no excellence in what is modern.

The letters of Robert Louis Stevenson are the smooth stone which I aim at the forehead of such decryers of our times. They exercise a charm over one which grows till the last page—to the *Tofa Tusitala*, farewell of the Samoan chiefs. Their dominant note is affection or impression. In no case are they “clever” in the invidious sense of the word. Gifted with an original and exceptionally quick mind, Stevenson is never extravagant except out of pure fun; and he laughs at himself with the best grace imaginable.

A salient feature of these letters is that they were for the most part written as the whim or inclination dictated, for Stevenson was a most irregular correspondent, and his thoughts and plans and hopes come tumbling out with little attention to form.

Except towards the end, when advancing years seem to have brought with them a certain added seriousness, these letters bubble over with the spirit of youth. As the Editor remarks, there was always a good deal of the boy in Stevenson: much of the elasticity and sheer delight in existence which boyhood should connote. In disappointment, bad health, and hardship, he is ever cheerful, and his letters written at these times are full of the most whimsical nonsense. The ever-recurring illness to which he was a prey all his life, never depressed him for more than the passing hour, and he wrote as gaily in pencil from a sick-bed, or frantically clutching his ink-bottle in the cabin of a pitching steamer on the Pacific, as ever he did at home and in health.

“I deny,” he wrote once, “that letters should contain news (I mean mine: those of other people should). But mine should contain appropriate sentiments and humorous nonsense, or nonsense without the humour.” And thus, while confessedly writing with a purpose and laying no claim to be taken strictly

at his word, he has produced letters whose first charm is their quality of candour. They are quite devoid of rhetoric; they do not run in periods: even those written to strangers—persons, for instance, who had asked for an autograph—are as unaffected as those addressed to his intimate friends. Without adverting to it he had fulfilled the condition *personæ accommodatus* of Erasmus most admirably, so that his business correspondence, for example, while confining itself faithfully to the point, had nevertheless a certain literary savour, and his letters to children, without being childish, were such as children could appreciate.

I have said that a note of his letter-writing was affection or impression: the letters relating to the Curtin boycott in 1886 are a case in point. He was burning with indignation at the cowardice which tolerated the cruel ostracism of the widow and family of the murdered man Curtin, and he devised a plan, and came near to putting it into execution, of boldly taking their part, living in their house, and fronting their persecutors.

In letters to Mrs. Fleeming Jenkin and to his mother and father he pours forth his disgust and indignation, and sets out with obvious bias the pros and cons of his scheme: and it was only at the earnest remonstrance of his friends that he finally abandoned it.

He felt as keenly the desertion and death of Gordon: "What a picture this is of a nation!" he wrote to J. A. Symonds. "No man that I can see, on any side or party, seems to have the least sense of our ineffable shame: the desertion of the garrisons."

He had in hand at this time a monograph on the Duke of Wellington for the English Worthies series, and intended at first to apply to Mr. Gladstone for some particular information on the subject. "But," he says, *à propos* of the Gordon affair, "I won't write to the G.O.M. I do really not see my way to any form of signature, unless 'Your fellow-criminal in the eyes of God,' which might disquiet the proprieties."

Stevenson was no recluse. He was free from the literary affectation of superiority to the common interests of national life and politics: indeed, he had in him much of the stuff that goes to make a leader of men—sympathy, high principle, and courage—and there is little doubt that, had fate given his life a turn in that direction, he could have made his mark as a statesman. Later on, in Samoa, this faculty of influencing others led him into trouble with the German consular authorities at Apia, where

his frank sympathy with Mataafa, the claimant to the throne, and his great popularity with the natives, was a source of irritation and offence to them. In December, 1892, he wrote to Mr. Henry James, "It may entertain you to know that I have actually been sentenced to deportation by my friends on Mulinuu, C. J. Cedercrantz and Baron Senfft von Pilsach. The awful doom, however, declined to fall, owing to Circumstances over Which!"

Stevenson was not the Man of Letters of convention. His humour was neither satirical nor esoteric: he had nothing of the aloofness which is so often supposed to be inseparable from the profession of literature. Whether in his books, his letters, or his daily conversation, he was always the same—enthusiastic, modest, interested, and human.

We may read in his letters a strong rebuke to those who airily class "authors" among the triflers of life, and speak of literature as if they thought it more than half a trick and not at all a profession; writers, and "artists" generally, being a species of acrobats or contortionists, to whom to write (or tumble) should be the easiest matter in the world. Stevenson made no secret of the effort, often the painful effort, that it cost him to work. "Be it known," he wrote to S. R. Crockett from Vailima, "that I, R. L. S., in the forty-third year of my age and the twentieth of my professional life, wrote twenty-four pages in twenty-one days, working from six to eleven, and again in the afternoon from two to four or so, without fail or interruption. Such are the gifts the gods have endowed us withal; such was the facility of this prolific writer!"

Again, he tells his cousin, in a letter from Vailima, September, 1894, that a chapter in *The Wrecker*, written in collaboration with his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, was "written at least thrice" by the latter, and "at least five times" by himself before it "assumed the least unity and colour."

On the other hand, there were times when his work flowed out ready-made from his pen, and he revelled in what he wrote with a curious detachment, the development being something independent of himself.

In 1881, for instance, he was writing a story for *Young Folks*, a boys' magazine, edited by Mr. Henderson, and he speaks thus of his progress to W. E. Henley: "It's awful fun, boys' stories; you just indulge the pleasure of your heart, that's all; no trouble, no strain, . . . no writing, just drive along as the words come

and the pen will scratch." And this story was *Treasure Island*, which has perhaps done more to win him popularity than anything he ever wrote.

It is, however, clear from his own words on the matter that hardly anything Stevenson published came "hot and hot" from his pen, and that there were few things, whether essays or fiction, but cost him much labour to produce. This was due not to lack of fertility, but to the extremely high standard of excellence which he set himself to attain. So far, indeed, from Art requiring an absence of effort or strain, it rather postulates considerable effort; and facility, which often merits the epithet "fatal," may be an absolute hindrance to perfection.

Even as it was, Stevenson rarely thought much of the results of his labour, and the contemptuous way in which he speaks of many things that we admire profoundly would be irritating were it not so obviously sincere.

It is always most interesting to have an author's opinion of his own work, and especially to hear from himself what part of it he considers best. These opinions are, we know, often strangely at variance with those of "the general." Dickens is said to have preferred *Our Mutual Friend* before any of his other books, and to have thought meanly of *Pickwick*. Yet is there one of his stories which opens in such an inextricable tangle and ends with such glaring improbabilities, or is strewn with such dreary patches of dulness, as this one? And it is as the author of *Pickwick* that Dickens has most claim upon our gratitude.

With Stevenson we may almost say that the books from which he hoped most either remained unfinished or proved disappointments. Among these may be numbered *The South Seas*, an account of his Pacific cruises, from which he hoped much and was disappointed; *Weir of Hermiston*, upon which he was actively engaged on the day of his death; *St. Ives*; the life of Dr. Fleeming Jenkin, and many other projected novels, essays, and historical works, that never advanced beyond the first preliminary stages.

Treasure Island, as we have seen, was written with unusual rapidity, for a boys' magazine. Of *Kidnapped*, perhaps the most fascinating of his novels, he says in a letter to Theodore Watts-Dunton, "I began it partly as a lark, partly as a pot-boiler; and suddenly it moved, David and Alan stepped out from the canvas, and I found myself in another world. . . . So it had to go into the world, one part (as it does seem to me) alive, one part merely galvanized; no work, only an essay."

Of *The Master of Ballantrae* and *Catriona* he speaks with more satisfaction, and, indeed, he revised his opinion of *Kidnapped* before long. He calls the former "a most seizing tale; there are some fantastic elements; the most is a dead genuine human problem—human tragedy, I should say." There is not, perhaps, in the whole of modern fiction a more consummate villain, a harder, more heartless, more fascinating scoundrel than "The Master." Stevenson says of him, "The Master is all I know of the devil. I have known hints of him in the world, but always cowards; he is as bold as a lion, but with the same deadly, ceaseless duplicity I have watched with so much surprise in my two cowards. 'Tis true, I saw a hint of the same nature in a man who was not a coward; but he had other things to attend to; the Master has nothing else but his devilry."

Catriona, which Mr. Colvin considers all but the best of Stevenson's Scottish romances, first took shape under the name of *David Balfour*, the first person in the narrative. Of this tale, he says, "I shall never do a better book than *Catriona*, that is my high-water mark."

Unless I am mistaken, however, this would not be the verdict of most of the readers of Stevenson's novels.

In spite of all the brilliant work that Stevenson accomplished—novels, essays, tragedy, comedy, and verse—one cannot resist the impression, arising mainly from the perusal of his letters, that he never quite attained to the best that was in him.

It may sound cynical, but it is mostly true to say that the better we get to know men the smaller we seem to find them, though we do not necessarily love them the less. But with Stevenson I think the reverse is the case.

We can never get nearer to the real man than through his letters, and the more of these we read the greater must our sense of his power and resource become. He never seems to flag. He began with *Treasure Island*, and died while he was writing *Weir of Hermiston*. Yet one somehow feels that he had a great deal more to say, many more tales to tell, better things to accomplish, and that, for him, at least, to die at the age of forty-four was to die young—*Quos dii amant* . . . !

A noticeable feature of Stevenson's correspondence is the existence of the generous and friendly relations between him and his distinguished literary brethren which it reveals.

Next to a great author's estimate of himself, his opinion of

his contemporaries is most interesting. Long before his death Stevenson had become a teacher and a model. The most successful younger writers of his time looked up to him as a master, and his relations with such men as J. M. Barrie, Edmund Gosse, William Archer, E. W. Henley, J. A. Symonds, Henry James, and a host of others, were most cordial, and even affectionate.

Of Kipling, he wrote to Henry James: "Kipling is too clever to live." And again: "Kipling is by far the most promising young man that has appeared since—ahem!—I appeared. He amazes me by his precocity and various endowment," and: "Certainly Kipling has the gifts; the fairy godmothers were all tipsy at his christening; what will he do with them?" He expresses alarm, however, at what he calls his "debauch of production," which we, labouring under the recollection of certain recent "studies in technique"—and other things—may presume to echo.

He was enthusiastic over J. M. Barrie. "You and Barrie," he writes to Henry James, "you, and Barrie, and Kipling are now my Muses Three."

There is not much to be gleaned, from these letters, of Stevenson's attitude towards writers of an earlier generation. But his remark about George Eliot, in a letter to Mr. Patchett Martin, is worth remembering: "A high, but—may we not add?—a rather dry lady," he calls her; "hats off, all the same, you understand—a woman of genius." His indictment of Daniel Deronda is also interesting in this connection, though it needs very little acquaintance with Stevenson's character to understand how profound must have been his aversion to this invincible precisian: "Did you," he asks in the same letter, "did you have a kick at the stern works of that melancholy puppy and humbug, Daniel Deronda himself?—the Prince of Prigs; the literary abomination of desolation in the way of manhood: a type which is enough to make a man forswear the love of women, if that is how it must be gained."

Of Stevenson as a poet, it is difficult to speak. One may gather from his letters that he did not take himself very seriously in that character, and this may possibly account for his never having attempted anything ambitious of the kind. His "Child's Garden of Verses" is, however, delightful, and takes us back to that wonderful world which we have all lived in and forgotten, in which everything has life and a tongue, trees become giants,

clouds are armies, tall grass is inhabited by warring mannikins, and all nature is animated and articulate at its pleasure.

His genius delighted in the old French metres, villanelles, and rondeaux, and he sometimes ends a letter with a specimen of one or the other. He was a great admirer of Burns, and had a curious sentimental feeling towards Robert Ferguson, between whom and himself he fancied some traits of resemblance. He was an "elegant" versifier, in fact (to use a rather odious adjective), and a true poet at heart. We can say little more.

It is impossible in a short paper to do adequate justice to these letters of a truly lovable man. The two stout volumes belong to that class of book which lures one on from page to page and refuses to be laid down. Whether written to unburden himself of his own, or to lighten a friend's sorrow, to encourage a beginner, or congratulate a proficient, or merely to amuse, these letters are always full of a charm that increases with familiarity: they are perfect of their kind. After reading them, one feels an affection and an enthusiasm not unmingled with real veneration for the man their author, and thereafter an increased appreciation of his work. Reading these letters is like going behind the scenes and suffering no disillusionment. One instinctively feels that here was a man with few faults to hide and none to be ashamed of: a gentle, generous, and, if all were known, heroic figure: sane, suffering much, and joyous with it all.

In religion, Stevenson was probably somewhat eclectic. He was a son of the Manse on both sides of his family, and the Covenant was in his bone. But his mind was too wide and too liberal to rest contented within the narrow confines of the Presbytery. Hence arose the unavoidable polemics with his father, which were a source of so much pain to himself, and he calls for our pity in this, not our blame; for we, who live in the assured possession of the Truth, are too often inclined to be impatient with those who are labouring to build for themselves upon nothing, or, harder still, upon error—striving to make bricks without straw, or with stubble. There is nothing to show that Stevenson was ever well affected towards Catholicism or ever understood it, and this may perhaps account for certain regrettable expressions with regard to Father Damien, used at his first visit to Molokai; for which, however, he afterwards most amply atoned in his famous open letter to Dr. Hyde, of Honolulu.

Through all Stevenson's life there ran a thread of failure. Unsuccessful as an engineering student, and as an advocate; subject to chronic ill-health; perpetually baulked in his search for a sympathetic climate, he never knew real peace until just at the close of his life, and then, after a very few years of enjoyment, he was struck down suddenly in the midst of what promised to be his best work and died in a few hours, unconscious up to the last. But he leaves behind him a bright example of industry, cheerfulness, and generosity, and we mourn in him a moral teacher no less than a Master of Letters.

R. H. J. S.

Our Popular Devotions.

I.—THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS. (III.)

VII.—THE FOURTEEN STATIONS.

BUT neither the seven sculptures of Nürnberg and Louvain, nor the twenty or thirty elaborate figure groups of Romans and Vorallo, seem to have had so much to do with the final adoption of our present *Via Crucis* as the prevalence of certain devotional manuals, the general purport of which was to suggest a scheme for making spiritual pilgrimages through the scenes of the Passion. The earliest of these which I have come across is a tiny Dutch booklet, printed at Leyden, in Holland, seemingly in 1520.¹ This suggests a pious method of following with prayers and aspirations the Passion and seven falls of our Saviour, though these are not in any way identical with Krafft's, but begin as far back as the legendary fall of our Blessed Lord in crossing the brook of Cedron (*de torrente in via bibet*).² The booklet is illustrated with woodcuts of the roughest description, but it is noteworthy that these include both the sentencing of Christ to death by Pilate and the stripping of the garments.

The second book, published but a short time later, at Nürnberg, is a much more carefully executed work. The

¹ *Dit is den berch van Calvarien*. "Een seer devoet hantboecxken voor een jegelic kersten mense hoe men den Berch van Calvarien opclimmen sal, end helpen onsen heere zijn swaer cruyce draegen, want hi seer moede is geworden van swaren ancxte des doots." (This is the Mount of Calvary; a very devout handbook for a Christian man, to teach him how men ought to climb the Mount of Calvary and help our Lord to carry His heavy Cross, when He has become very weary through the grievous dread of death.) Ghedruct tot Leyden by my Jan Mathijs zoon wonende of die Hoy-graft.

² The seven falls enumerated are (1) at the brook of Cedron, (2) on the way to Herod, (3) on the steps of Pilate's house when sentence was passed, (4) at the Scourging, (5) during the carrying of the Cross, (6) when thrown down for the nailing, (7) when the Cross, with our Lord upon it, was allowed to slip back just after it had been raised, so that His Sacred Face was once more dashed against the ground. This last is a new episode in the legends of the Cross. The *Berch van Calvarien* states elsewhere that our Lord revealed to a holy virgin that He fell thirty-two times between Jerusalem and Calvary.

printing is good, and the woodcuts are said by modern authorities to show distinct traces of the influence of the seven sculptures of Adam Krafft.¹ There are fifteen, or more strictly, sixteen Stations, and a picture corresponding to each. This represents a group or groups of sculpture raised upon a pillar. The subjects begin much further back than ours, the first representing our Saviour taking leave of His Blessed Mother at Bethany; the second, the Last Supper; and the third, Gethsemani. With each Station certain "psalms" and prayers are printed to be said. The purpose of the whole book is clearly indicated in the verses, which form its only title-page:

Die geystlich strass bin ich genant
Im leyden Christi wol bekant.

Wiltu die geng gantz gnaw ausrechen,
So hastu psalmen die magstu sprechen;
Hastu lust zum heyligen lande,
Was da sey, findst auch zuhande.²

In close accord with these verses are the following remarks freely summarized from the Preface:

Our Lord said that the love of many should wax cold, and St. Paul in his Epistle to Timothy, said that men would be lovers of themselves rather than lovers of God. We see that these sayings are verified, and especially that of St. Paul to the Philippians, "All seek their own and not the things of Jesus Christ." Thus from the exceeding wickedness of mankind the love of Christ is forgotten, and although the image of Christ is placed in the churches and streets, men have so little compassion for His sufferings that they scarce pause to say an *Ave Maria* before the picture or consider what it means. Such pictures are called the lay-folk's books, because men may read therein and lay to heart the words of our Lord in the Book of Lamentations: "O all ye that pass by, behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow."

Amongst the common simple people one finds much love for the Passion of Christ. Some men also show their devotion by setting up various memorials to awaken the piety of others, as for instance the Cross, or a representation of the Last Supper, or the Mount of Olives. Some choose the SEVEN FALLS, or the seven bloodsheddings, and some again the carrying of the Cross, with all the episodes which happened until He came to Calvary, such as the meeting with Mary, the compelling Simon to bear the Cross, the meeting with Veronica, and the like. These are often set up now-a-days with their descriptions,

¹ Daun, *Adam Krafft und die Künstler seiner Zeit*, p. 72.

² "I am called the ghostly way (*i.e.*, the way of the soul), well known in the sufferings of Christ. . . . Wouldst thou exactly perform this pilgrimage, thou hast psalms set down for thee to say; hast thou a desire to visit the Holy Land, all that is there thou mayst find here at hand."

measures, and distances, according as noble pilgrims have brought back the measurements from the Holy Land, or themselves have set them up. In order therefore to keep in remembrance the sufferings of Christ, I have not only considered our Lord while on His Cross, but from the beginning to the end of His Passion, that is, from Bethany to the Crucifixion. And what happened at one time or in one place I have put together, as, for example, the three incidents on Mount Sion, *i.e.*, the Passover, the feet-washing, and the institution of the Blessed Sacrament. So again, three events took place on Olivet, where the Lord went with His three disciples alone, and where He prayed three times, and where the Jews came and took Him. Then Mount Calvary, where He is brought; in one place the Cross is made ready, in another spot our Lord is left until the Cross is ready; afterwards He is led to the Cross, stripped, and crucified. All these I have set forth in order, each in its proper place, and each stage has a picture belonging to it. But in these four incidents, *viz.*, Sion, the Mount of Olives, Pilate, and the Judgment-place, the same picture contains several episodes. Also in each stage we ought to contemplate, not only what Christ suffered by the way, but also what happened at each place from which or to which He is led. And it is to be particularly observed that a passage of the holy Gospels is always set down along with the picture so as to explain it, and a passage from the Prophets or Psalms. I have also added the distances of the holy places, &c. Lastly, as my desire has been to bring to men's contemplation the sufferings of Christ, therefore I have adopted this method of portraying them, to the eyes, to the heart, and to the lips, by picture, by contemplation, and by prayer. Rich and poor, religious and seculars, may use this book in private or in public. The rich may have similar sculptures set up, the poor in looking upon them can say their "Psalm-prayer," or *Pater noster*, or what they will. Nay, every man can erect these stations in his own house. A simple cross will serve to mark them. There is no need to reproduce the exact distances from one to another, or to take as many paces as are measured here. It is much better to make pilgrimage with one's heart than with one's feet.

The book does not seem to be particularly rare, though it is not known that there was more than one edition of it.

A third devotional work of still greater importance is the volume already alluded to, written by John Pascha, and edited by Peter Calentyne, at Louvain, in 1563. Its title in French is *La Pérégrination Spirituelle*. The pilgrimage is to occupy 365 days, and it is made very realistic by the assigning for each day a definite section of the journey to the Holy Land, along with a subject for meditation, and certain general devotions, as explained in the introductory chapter. On the first day, for

instance, the pilgrim imagines himself to travel from Louvain to Tillemont, and is directed to meditate upon the truth that God is the final end of all creation; on the second, he travels from Tillemont to Tongres, and meditates upon the creation of the Angels, and so on. But when we get to the Holy Land and, on the 188th day, are visiting the scene of the Agony in the Garden, we have a new exercise interpolated with this conspicuous heading:

Here begins the first Prayer of the long journey of the Cross ✠

And the prayers of this Way of the Cross are fifteen in number, and they are good to say also outside the time of pilgrimage, for instance, on Fridays, or on other days, for affairs of great importance.¹

The Second Station is given under the 193rd day, at the house of Annas; the third, under the 196th day, at the spot where Christ is kept a prisoner and mocked. Then, under the 206th day, when the pilgrim has meditated upon our Saviour's trial before Pilate, we have another noteworthy interruption of the text, with the heading:

Hier beghint den rechten Cruysganck na der berch van Calvarien.

(Here begins the *proper* Way of the Cross to Mount Calvary.)

The prayer for the Fourth Station, which follows, has reference to the condemnation of Christ by Pilate.

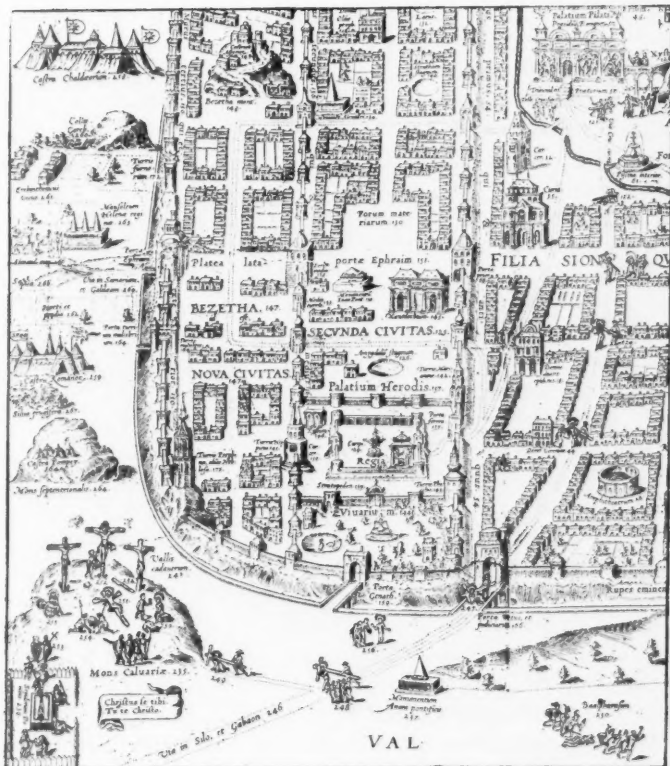
Then follow the succeeding Stations in order, still mixed up with the days of the pilgrimage, but frequently supplemented from this time onwards with measurements in feet or double paces (= 5 feet) of the distances from one Station to another. The Fifth Station is the place where Christ receives the Cross; it is thirteen paces from the place where He was sentenced. The Sixth Station is at the spot where Christ met His Blessed Mother, and where also He fell for the *second* time, and here the author is careful to tell us that between this spot and the place where our Lord received the Cross there had already been a *first* fall when He had advanced forty paces. The meeting with His Blessed Mother was 418 feet (in Louvain measurement) from the place of His sentence. The Seventh Station, 179 feet

¹ "Hier beghint dat eerste ghebet vanden langhen Cruysganck ✠

"Ende deser cruys ghebeden zynder alles tot vyfthien, die welke goet ghelesen zijn ooc buyten tijts op sommige vrij-dagen, oft op andere daghen voor groote saken." (P. Calentijn and Jan Pascha, *Een devote Maniere om gheestelyck Pelgrimage te trecken*, Louvain, 1568, p. 93, 2.) The terms used in the French translation, which appeared in 1566, are noteworthy, "S'ensuyt la premiere oraison du chemin ou voyage de la Croix, et ce pour la premiere Station."

further on, is where Simon of Cyrene took the Cross, and Jesus fell a third time. The Eighth Station, 478 feet from the last, is the scene of the meeting with Veronica, and also of the fourth fall, and after another 842 feet, we reach the foot of the ascent to Calvary, where Christ fell a fifth time, but this is not counted as a Station. The Ninth Station is 872 feet further on, up the ascent. Here Christ turned to the women of Jerusalem, and here also He fell a sixth time. After another 404½ feet, Calvary itself is reached. Here is the stone engraved with crosses, just outside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This marks the place of the seventh and last fall, and is the tenth of Jan Pascha's Stations. The prayer for the Eleventh Station, nine paces further on, is taken up entirely with the theme of our Saviour's being stripped of His garments, but no special name is given to this Station. The Twelfth Station is still six paces further, and commemorates the nailing to the Cross. We are also told that the total distance from the place where our Lord was sentenced by Pilate to this spot is 3,306 feet (of Louvain). The Thirteenth Station commemorates the death of Christ upon the Cross, and the Fourteenth Station the taking down from the Cross. Finally is given a prayer for the Fifteenth Station, which is concerned with the burial of Christ.

Now, any reader who will have the patience to study these details in Pascha's book, and to compare them with the subjects of the Fourteen Stations now universally adopted, will perceive at once that this old Flemish pilgrimage supplies the key of the whole problem. The order of Pascha's Stations is exactly the order of our modern Stations. Though the number is greater, and the starting-point seems different, Pascha himself, or his editor, Calentyn, by remarking that "the *proper* way of the Cross" begins with Pilate's house, has suggested the very modification which, in fact, has come to prevail. It has been commonly asserted, *e.g.*, by Bishop von Keppler, and by Doctor N. Paulus, that our present Stations are to be traced back to the book of Adrichomius, *Jerusalem sicut Christi tempore floruit*, published in 1584. This, in a sense, may be true, for Adrichomius enjoyed a very wide popularity, and was early translated into most European languages, even into English, Polish, and Czech. His delineation of the Stations along the *Via Crucis*, in his map of Jerusalem, has been reproduced on a reduced scale opposite, and the attentive student will perceive that, except for the last two Stations which Adrichomius does



REPRODUCTION, VERY MUCH REDUCED, OF PART OF THE MAP OF JERUSALEM BY
ADRICHIOMIUS (1584), SHOWING THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS.

The Stations begin in the upper right-hand corner with the condemnation of Christ by Pilate at the "Ecce Homo" arch, numbered 120. The rest are: Jesus receives the Cross, 121; Jesus falls the first time, 122; Jesus meets His Blessed Mother, 123; Simon of Cyrene, 124; Veronica, 44; the second fall, 247; the Women of Jerusalem, 248; the third fall, 249; Jesus is stripped of His garments, 250; Jesus is nailed to the Cross, 251; Jesus is raised on the Cross, 252. Although the map is cluttered with other figure groups, which have nothing to do with the *Via Crucis*, the selection of just these twelve Stations in this order is made by Adrichemius himself in the text of his book, and in the map the sequence is indicated by dotted lines. The numbers are not continuous, because the author in designing his map, of which the above forms only a section, had other objects in view than to give prominence to the Stations.

not mention, the first twelve are exactly those of our modern Way of the Cross. But Adrichomius, who cites Pascha amongst his authorities, has undoubtedly borrowed both the arrangement, and all the measurements of the much older Flemish pilgrim. Dr. N. Paulus, in his extremely valuable article in the *Katholik* (April, 1895), had already suggested this as a possibility, but as no copy of the *Gheestelyck Pelgrimage* was accessible to him at Munich, he was unable to confirm his conjecture.¹

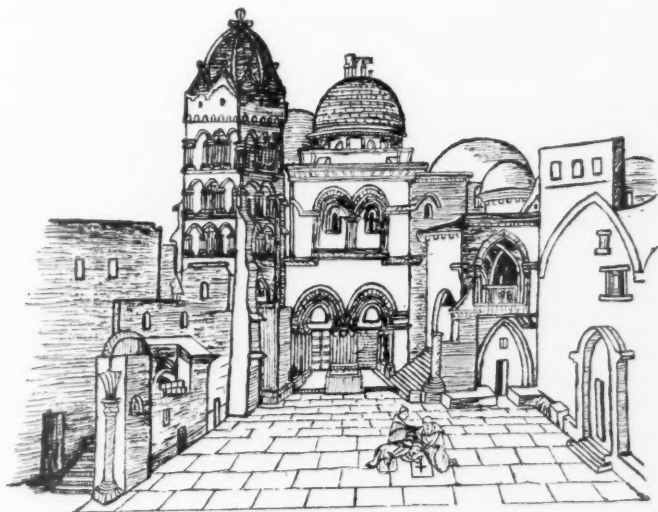
Perhaps the most interesting result of a comparison between the books of Pascha and Adrichomius, is the light which we are enabled to throw upon the origin of that most puzzling feature in the Stations, the triple fall of our Saviour beneath His Cross. It arises clearly from a curious blending of the old stational system of seven falls (as depicted by Adam Krafft at Nuremberg, and by his imitators) with certain traditional sites pointed out to pilgrims in Jerusalem. Some of these falls are supposed by Pascha to have synchronized with other episodes, *i.e.*, the meetings of Christ with His Mother, Simon of Cyrene, Veronica, and the women of Jerusalem. In these four cases the mention of a fall is suppressed, but it survives in the remaining three, which have nothing otherwise to distinguish them.² The first fall which precedes the meeting with Mary, and the fifth fall which follows that with Veronica, are not counted by Pascha as Stations. Adrichomius, however, seeing that he begins only with the condemnation at Pilate's house, finds room for them as separate Stations in his system. The seventh and last fall at the summit of Calvary was commemorated by a stone marked with crosses, and is mentioned by almost every pilgrim from the fourteenth century downwards, though they speak of no other falls. This stone is the first item, *lap(is)*, in Way's *memoria technica* (reverse order), and Breidenbach in his pilgrimage (1486) gives an excellent illustration, reproduced opposite, of the pilgrims kissing it.

On the whole, it seems true to say that the devotion of Stations owes much more to the pious ingenuity of devotional writers in Western Europe, than to the actual practice of Jerusalem itself. At Jerusalem, the merit of this exercise seems to have consisted rather in the good-will of wishing to trace our Lord's footsteps and in the fatigue and unpleasantness

¹ Jan Pascha died about 1532. It is doubtful how far his editor, Peter Calentyn, may have modified his work in preparing it for the Press, in 1563.

² The same thing seems already to have happened in the Louvain Stations erected by Peter Sterckx in 1505.

encountered on the way, than in any set devotions at assigned halting-places. Aranda tells us how Mary fell to the ground on meeting her Son. The stone she fell on was subsequently built into the wall. The Christian pilgrims used to try to kiss it, but the Turks, regarding it as idolatry, would not allow it, and constantly profaned the stone.¹



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM, WITH THE STONE IN FRONT OF IT MARKING THE (FINAL) FALL OF OUR LORD.

Copied from the early edition of Breidenbach, printed at Mainz in 1486.

That no proper exercise of the Stations could have been performed publicly in Jerusalem at the close of the sixteenth century appears very clearly from the extremely interesting book of Zuallardo,² published a year or two after that of Adrichomius. He prints at the end of this work a copy of the prayers and hymns used by the pilgrims in visiting the different sites, the which prayers agree closely with those contained in a little treatise widely circulated in the middle ages and printed

¹ "Y con despecho muchas vezes la hallamos untada y no de balsamo, asi acaece en todas las que basamos que estan en el campo o en la cibdad sin estar cubiertas, conviene a saber sin edificio cerrado." (Aranda, fol. xxxiii. v°.)

² *Il devotissimo Viaggio di Gerusalemme.* Rome, 1587.

in Venice in 1491.¹ Now while a full series of devotions is prescribed for the shrines within the Holy Sepulchre, where the Christians under Franciscan supervision were, so to speak, turned loose to pray as they pleased, the door being locked upon them from outside, and while there are also prayers assigned for most of the holy places outside the city,² upon the Mount of Olives, in Bethlehem, and in parts where no great concourse of people was likely to be found, just the contrary is the case in regard of the Stations of the Cross properly so called. Noting the absence of any recognition of those sites now so honoured, I was at first inclined to conjecture that the printed edition of 1491 was incomplete, and that some sheets had fallen out, but an examination of Harleian MSS 2,333 and 3,810 showed me that the omissions were not peculiar to the printed text. Zuallardo's fuller account explains the reason :

In Pilate's house [he remarks] where our Redeemer was scourged and crowned with thorns and sentenced to death, at the Ecce Homo arch, and in other spots where it is impossible to enter, an Our Father and Hail Mary are said as the pilgrims pass along.³

Similarly in the descriptive part of his work Zuallardo remarks of the different sites along the *Via Dolorosa*, which he is the first known authority to call by that name :

Of all these holy places we had no more consolation than just to see them as we passed on our way, since it is not permitted to make any halt nor to pay veneration to them with uncovered head, nor to make any other demonstration, nor to look at them fixedly, nor to write nor take any notes in public.⁴

As long as this state of things prevailed it is obvious that the pious exercises of the Way of the Cross could be performed far more devoutly beside the artificial Stations of Nuremberg, or Louvain, or Rhodes, than in Jerusalem itself. If any one

¹ *Peregrinaciones Terre Sancte*. See Röhricht, *Bibliotheca*, p. 100; a copy of the Venice edition, *Infrascripte sunt peregrinationes*, is in the British Museum. Röhricht considers that this collection must date from the end of the fourteenth century.

² e.g., "Ubi sanctus Jacobus minor latuit tempore Passionis;" "Ubi Petrus flevit amare;" "Ubi Judei voluerunt rapere sanctum corpus defunctum B.M.V.;" "Ubi angelus palmam dedit beate Marie;" "Ad sepulchrum Lazari;" "Ubi Christus stetit quando Martha dixit: Domine si fuisses hic," etc.; "Ubi beata Maria Virgo pausabat revisendo sacra loca;" "Ubi Christus praedixit finale judicium ante portam auream," etc.; "Ubi Isaias sectus fuit medius;" "Ad natatoriam Siloe," etc. Each of these spots has a special versicle and prayer assigned to it, but of the scene of the Ecce Homo, of the scourging, of Herod, &c., which were within the city, no notice is taken.

³ P. 381.

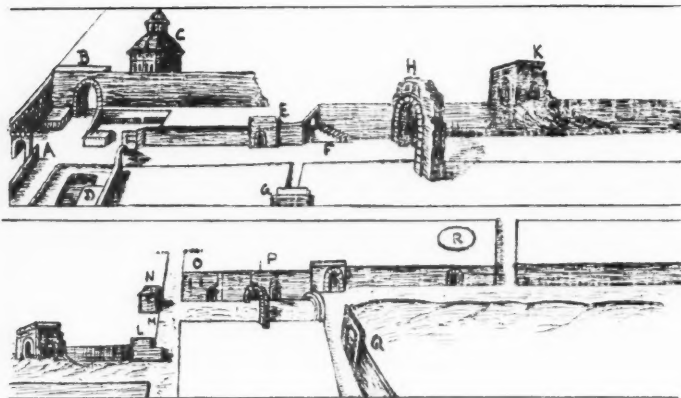
⁴ P. 170.

individual can lay claim to the honour of formulating our present devotion, that distinction seems to belong more justly to the pious Flemish Carmelite, Jan Pascha, than to any other person.

None the less, even Pascha seems to be dependent for his measurements upon the data supplied him by Peter Sterckx (Petrus Potens), and carved in stone at the base of the seven Stations which, as mentioned above, were erected in Louvain in the first years of the sixteenth century. How far it was Sterckx and how far it was Pascha who elaborated the whole series of incidents repeated by Calentyn and Adrichomius, it is impossible to determine. The one thing which may be affirmed with certainty is that our present series of Stations of the Cross comes to us, not from Jerusalem, but from Louvain.

Perhaps the most extraordinary feature in this rather remarkable history, is the way in which those who possessed an intimate knowledge of the Holy Land and of the practice of the pilgrims, allowed the inventions of the Louvain Religious to spread uncontradicted. No doubt they felt that such imaginary pilgrimages could only promote devotion to the Passion of our Lord and serve the cause of piety. It was no business of theirs to contradict what had been asserted by pious men who lived before their time. The facts did not accord with the tradition of Jerusalem in their own day, but they might conceivably be true, and, at any rate, they had no positive evidence to the contrary. Aranda, Bonifacius, (represented by Zuallardo), Quaresmius, and Parvillers were intimately acquainted with Jerusalem. Two of them were for many years the official custodians of the Holy Places. They were not contemporaries, but they cover nearly the whole period from 1520 to 1680. They agree closely with each other, but are all ignorant of, and, for some points, in absolute contradiction with the statements of Pascha and Adrichomius. None the less, the fictions of Adrichomius, who it appears never visited the Holy Land, but compiled his map from pre-existing accounts, have won the day simply by reason of the wide diffusion of the volume which he published; and now, even in the Holy City itself, the attempt has been made to bring local traditions into accord with the practice of our modern Stations.¹

¹ This is the summary of the Stations of the Cross as known to Bonifacius and Quaresmius, guardians of Mount Sion. "*Peregrinatio VI. quæ est Viæ Crucis, sive Dolorosæ, in qua recoluntur et enucleantur octo præcipua loca ab eandem viam*



THE VIA DOLOROSA
(according to Zuallardo, 1587).

Zuallardo has arranged his drawing in two sections, as it is reproduced here, but the lower section is intended to be continuous with the upper section, and in order to indicate this, the Church of our Lady's Swoon (K), which stands at the extremity of the upper section is repeated by him in the lower.

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| A Gate of St. Stephen. | G Herod's House. | M Daughters of Jerusalem. |
| B Gate of the Court of the Temple. | H Pilate's arch (Ecce Homo). | N House of Dives. |
| C The Temple. | K Church of our Lady's Swoon. | O House of the Pharisee. |
| D Church of St. Anne. | L Simon of Cirene. | P House of Veronica. |
| E Pilate's House. | | Q Judicial Gate. |
| F Scala Santa. | | R Mount Calvary. |

The feeling of the Franciscan Quaresmius, who was so long intimately connected with the Holy Places, is shown in some of his references to Adrichomius, and, for instance, in the following :

Very diligently to be sure has Adrichomius set down the noteworthy sites of the Way of the Cross with their distances, and also its entire length. I do not venture to contradict him, since he wrote upon the report of men who were eminent for piety and learning, who saw this Way with their own eyes and paced it both in body and spirit. Nevertheless I think that it will not be foreign to my purpose nor unwelcome to the reader if I append here some of the points observed by myself and others, even if not perhaps with such extreme minuteness, although they are different, yet not less true, especially since I repeatedly, if deambulantibus pie culta. Locus I. est Palatium Pilati Præsidis. II. Flagellationis Christi. III. Palatium Herodis. IV. Arcus Pilati, ubi Christus fuit populo ostensus Pilato dicente *Ecce Homo*. V. Ecclesia Spasmi Deiparæ dicta. VI. Trivium ubi angariatus fuit Simon Cyrenæus ut Christi crucem ferret et ubi flentes mulieres Christo occurrerunt. VII. Domus Veronicæ, ubi hæc sancta mulier linteo faciem Christi tersit. VIII. Porta Judiciaria." (*Historica Theologica et Moralis Terræ Sanctæ Elucidatio*. Auctore Francisco Quaresmio, Ordinis Minorum Theologo, olim Terræ Sanctæ Præside, et Commissario Apostolico. (1639.) Vol. ii. pp. 179, seq.)

I mistake not, when I was at Jerusalem paced the same road as those pilgrims did. Hence I can pronounce a not incompetent judgment as to its length from the evidence of my own senses and experience.¹

Quaresmius then proceeds to estimate the distance from Pilate's house to the Judicial gate at 570 paces, and that portion of the Way which lay beyond the Judicial gate, and consequently outside the old city, could not, he declared, be followed in his day, since the gate was blocked up, but he calculates that it was about 250 paces. The whole distance from Pilate's house to Calvary was, therefore, 820 paces. Of the site of the three falls, and the other details peculiar to Pascha and Adrichomius, he says nothing, and seems to know nothing, and as already pointed out in our previous article, he gives the meeting with the holy women and with Veronica in a different order to that of Adrichomius.² He remarks, moreover, that Veronica's house, as then shown, was not a corner house, as Adrichomius represents it, but in the middle of a row of houses.

The plan of Zuallardo, dated 1587, in every way agrees with Quaresmius, and it was founded, as appears from his narrative, on the details furnished by Brother Boniface, also Guardian of Mount Sion, and for long years custodian of the Holy Places.

For the later developments of the Way of the Cross, which in its present form seems not to have become in any way general before the close of the seventeenth century, I must refer my readers to the essay of Mgr. Barbier de Montault or to the more scientific dissertation of Bishop von Keppler. The latter writer supplies a very interesting discussion of the Stations in detail, from the point of view of Christian art. His work is, in fact, intended to form an introduction to the beautiful set of engraved Stations designed by the Beuron Art School.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ In spite of Adrichomius's elaborate parade of references, it will be obvious to any one who compares the two books that he has taken his details about the *Via Dolorosa* almost entirely from Pascha. We have dozens of reports of travellers of the same epoch (*e.g.*, Aranda's), and amongst these Pascha stands alone, contradicting all of them. Quaresmius, in his charity, seems to have taken Adrichomius's statement about his authorities entirely at the writer's own valuation.

² A comparison of the plan of Adrichomius (p. 287) with that of Zuallardo above will make this point clear. Pascha and Adrichomius make the meeting with the Women of Jerusalem take place outside the gate of the city and 827 feet beyond it. Zuallardo, Quaresmius, and practically every other authority without exception, represent it as taking place well within the gate of the city, near the *trivium* where Jesus was relieved by Simon of Cirene. The point is marked M in Zuallardo's plan.

Otherwhere.

CHAPTER XL.

THEY had been some days at Avenka. Everything was so new and much so surprising to Fyné, that her health improved. She was not happy, her past crimes gnawed at her heart ; but there were signs that the clouds were lifting, though there were yet but few rifts through which the blue sky appeared. Her friends took care that she should have as much enjoyment as possible. The Queen and Klemenké went with her on long expeditions to see interesting objects in the neighbourhood ; but it was not things of natural beauty nor the majestic scenery by which she was surrounded in which she took the deepest interest. The calm and seemingly happy lives of the people were her greatest delight. The men and women she met in the Court circle were pleasant, and she thought them possessed of remarkable intelligence ; but it was not from these that she drew her conclusions, for she knew that as far as mere manner is concerned, people of the highest rank are very much alike in all civilized countries. She had on more than one occasion explored the city under Klemenké's guidance. The pleasant manners of the industrial classes, respectful but without a shade of servility, was something quite new to her, and it was a great perplexity. She no doubt took a view far too rose-coloured of the people of Avenka. Such a mistake was natural to one whose basis of comparison as to those who dwelt in cities was limited to the demoralized herd which formed the population of her own capital. In Avenka, as in every other large city, there are terrible evils and much suffering. Of these things she saw very little, though they were carefully explained to her. She could not keep from contrasting what she saw around her with Kara. There the old paganisms had fallen into decay. The temple gods were the gods of the people no more. The weak and superstitious had drifted far away from all that was ennobling in the old historical mytholo-

gies. Their place had become occupied by abominable secret rites imported from lands where the adepts said a higher and nobler religion had existed for ages under the shadow of highly sensual forms of worship. Those who were too intelligent or not sufficiently debased to grovel in these new and disgusting forms of nature-worship had lapsed into some one or other of the various modes in which atheistic denial is wont to array itself. Often, as in Fyné's case, atheism was openly professed, but there were many who draped their absolutely negative conclusions in a very thin veil of philosophic doubt. It was hardly an exaggeration to say that among the hundred religions of which Kara could boast, there was not one, except the persecuted Church of God, which taught that there is anything beyond the very slightest connection between religion and the conduct of life.

In Avenka there were many people who did not even endeavour to put in practice the morality which their faith taught, but there were hardly any who openly called the teachings of the Church in question, and of secret unbelief there could be little, as there was the freest toleration for the wildest aberrations of opinion.

Now for the first time Fyné came in contact, not with a few friends only, but with a people who had faith. It was a sensation quite new and made a deep impression upon her.

Klemenké, Fyné, and Avené were alone. Rain was falling, so they were sitting in one of the bay windows of the great gallery which occupies the whole of the western side of the palace. It was but a shower and would soon be over. It was pleasant to hear the varied sounds of the big drops as they fell on the leaves of the trees which all but touched the window. Fyné had been telling Avené of the interview which Britna had granted to the deposed tyrant. "It was most entertaining," she said, "but if I had not been so accustomed to Britna's life of self-sacrifice, that nothing whatever surprises me, I should have thought it impossible that she would have cared to gratify his whim. The way she declined a title, and made him understand that she is of humble parentage, was the most perfect thing I ever remember to have heard."

"Did you understand her to mean she was of peasant extraction?" remarked Klemenké.

"Certainly," replied Fyné. "What other meaning could her words convey?"

"To me, they seemed to mean that if you knew who her parents were, you would feel it to be impossible—highly impolitic, that is—to confer a title on her," Klemenké said.

"I do not understand you one bit," said Fyné, in a tone of inquiry.

"I will try to make clear what I mean; but I have nothing whatever to go upon except the words we both alike heard," the Princess said. "We do not know her exact age, so all must be mere speculation until she reveals herself to us. If I am right, however, she must have been a little thing at the time when there was a rebellion against your father's authority, led by three powerful nobles of the West. Zella's father was talking about it several times in my presence. He is pleased when the subject is referred to, for he distinguished himself very greatly in quelling the insurrection. Two of these nobles were made prisoners, and beheaded; the third, my husband tells me, made his escape to Naverac, where he still lives on a pension, granted by Hulon's father. I think it highly probable that Britna is the daughter of one of these rebels; perhaps of the refugee at Naverac. Do you not remember that she told us that the Abbess was thinking of making arrangements for her paying a visit to Naverac, when the slave-stealers carried her off?"

"The suggestion is plausible," Fyné said, "but does not carry conviction to my mind; yet it may be true, for if she were the daughter of some poor forest-dweller, fisherman, or hunter, I cannot believe that she would desire to make a secret of her origin. She is far too sensible to be ashamed of her ancestry; and had she been a peasant, would the Abbess have brought her up as a lady? You know the habits of nuns far better than I, but it seems highly improbable."

"She told you that her history would soon be made plain," Avené said. "I confess I am most curious to know what it is. A woman of her simple nature is very unlike those poor, dull souls who take a pleasure in surrounding themselves with a cloud of mystery in the hope of making themselves interesting to the outer world, and stimulating their own jaded imaginations."

The rain had now cleared off, and there was bright sunshine, so they went to walk on the eastern terrace, where there was a pleasant outlook over the city. The great square was just below them, and they could watch the children at play under the supervision of the ladies of the red mantle. This was very interesting to the Empress, as it showed her that self-sacrifice

was not so rare a quality as she had supposed, but in some of its forms was regarded as a common thing in Avenka.

"You will not see the connection," Fyné said, "but the contemplation of those kind women taking care of the little ones has brought to my mind the subject of slavery. You told me that when I felt well enough to enter on the question, I was to mention it to you. It is the duty of both of us to protect the poor Forest people from the slave-stealers. Though Chuchu is gone, he has left an organized band behind him who will tread in his footsteps."

"Yes," the Queen replied, "Klemenké, as well as ourselves, is interested in the subject. You claim the Forest land as a part of the Empire of Kara. I neither admit nor dispute this at present. For centuries my predecessors on the throne of Avenka have done what in them lay to protect these poor people, and I shall continue to do so. Perhaps on account of the changes that have occurred of late, my efforts may effect more good than those of the Queens who have gone before me."

"You are aware," the Empress replied, "that now I am quite as anxious to put down this horrid traffic as you can be, but I do not think that either I or any future ruler of Kara will be able to accomplish it. Slavery is so intertwined with the lives of nearly all our people, that I cannot abolish it, and if the slave-trade be stopped there will be an immediate outcry, probably ending in insurrection. If I were to station a garrison to guard the pass, the soldiers would be bribed to let the slave-stealers go through. These wretched thieves can afford to pay heavily; the business is a very profitable one. On the other hand, if I permitted you to protect the pass on its eastern side, it might cause a revolution. The whole people would resent it, even the most loyal of them. They would say I was dismembering the Empire; besides, your soldiers would be no more able to resist the heavy bribes that would be offered than mine would be."

"My soldiers have a wholesome dread of slavery, intensified by all they have heard and seen of late. I do not believe I have half a dozen men in my army who dare render themselves accomplices of the men-stealers. They know they would suffer death by martial law if they were found out, and, what they dread quite as much, they would incur the sentence of the greater excommunication, which no one except the Patriarch of Renavra (who has authority delegated to him for the purpose by the Holy See) can remove, and which I am certain he would

not take off until he was quite sure that the culprit would never be guilty of so horrible an atrocity again. I see the difficulties as they present themselves to you, and at present can think of no way out of them. I will consult some of my advisers in whom I have confidence. Some way must be found of taking the curse off the land."

"My people, whom you call the wild men, live within the limits of your Empire," Klemenké said. "This, neither they nor I should ever think of calling in question. Why should they not be employed to secure the pass, or rather passes, for there is, I understand, another, a very difficult one, in the far north."

"The idea has never occurred to me," the Empress said. "Can they do it, and are they to be trusted?"

"It is impossible to bribe them; of that I am sure. Whether Zabith will be willing for them to undertake the task, I cannot say. I hope to see him very soon. Eklis has invited him to be his guest at the house in the wood," said Klemenké. "I will talk to him about it when he comes. On one matter there must be no misunderstanding. If my people do undertake the task, I shall order them to hang every one, of what rank or condition he may be, who is found engaged in this Hellish business."

The conversation drifted forward into other high political regions where we need not follow it. There were several other persons walking on the terrace. So intent were our friends on the subjects that engrossed them that they did not observe the Queen Dowager, accompanied by Britna, approaching. She had seen Avené immediately on her arrival at her capital, and had heard from her a full account of the war, of Klemenké's adventures among her new subjects, and of the deliverance of the Empress by Britna; but she had not met Klemenké nor Britna since their return, nor had she been introduced to the Empress.

When there is a fresh arrival, however intimate friends all may be, for a short time small talk reigns supreme. With those we know this nebulous condition of the faculties did not last long. Fyné was glad to make the acquaintance of the Dowager Queen. Klemenké had often spoken of her, always in terms of the deepest affection. From her conversation and from casual remarks made by others, she had come to the conclusion that it was she who had made a home for Alé. For this she was now grateful.

"I think your Majesty," she said, when there was a lull in

the conversation, "may have seen a subject of mine, the Lady Alé. If you have, I wish you had brought her with you. I want to tell her that now she need have no fear of my reiterating my commands as to her marriage with the Duke of Stuttnos. I knew that he was in many ways a very objectionable person, but until my city rose in rebellion I did not think he was a coward. As soon as there was a sign of danger he fled, alleging as his reason that he feared an insurrection in his own dominions."

The Queen Dowager laughed.

"I tried to induce Alé to accompany me this morning, but she dare not meet your Majesty," she said.

"The silly child! Does she not comprehend that there have been so many and such great changes that we none of us bear the same relation to each other as we did aforetime. At the time Lady Alé fled it would have been utterly impossible to make me believe in the existence of this pleasant land. Now that I am here it is all like a dream. Please tell her I trust she will regard my former arrangements for her as a dream also—a very unpleasant one for both of us. She is not the only one who has much to forgive me for in what is past. I must see her before I return," the Empress said.

"That will not be for a very long time, we all trust, not till you are quite well again," Avené said. "I want to make arrangements for you and Klemenké paying a visit to Parena. I believe my aunt has ridden over for the purpose."

"I have," the old lady said. "Parena is no palace, only a big country house, but there is room enough for your suite, and as many people as Klemenké likes to bring with her. Your Majesty really ought to see something of our country life as well as that of the capital, and then when my son comes back, I must take you to Renavra, which Eklis, who has wandered all over the world, says is the most curious place he has ever seen, or heard of either, except in a fairy tale."

"I will accompany Fyné to Parena for a few days and join her again when I get back," said Klemenké. "But I am under a solemn engagement to my new subjects, and also to our own Archbishop, to visit my capital again and leave behind me some missionaries. You know, aunt," Klemenké continued, "since I went forth campaigning I have acquired for myself something very much like a kingdom."

"Avené has told me about it," the Dowager Queen replied,

"but I do not comprehend what occurred very clearly. You must tell me all the story over again. To try to take your life was an uncommon way of proffering allegiance."

They chatted for a long time. The old lady was going back in the moonlight, and she had in the meantime much to learn. When she was gone, Fyné said to Avené, "Did her Majesty and the lady who accompanied her traverse the mountain passes without guards?"

"Yes, they had each a mounted servant, that was all. It is like a great park between here and Parena; but it is always our custom, except on a few occasions of state, to go about wherever we will unguarded."

"Such freedom is delightful, but I cannot understand it," Fyné said. "It would entail certain death at Kara."

It was arranged that they should go to Parena on the second day after the Queen Dowager's visit, their servants going the next morning with the baggage, so that all might be ready when they arrived.

The Queen Dowager had delivered Fyné's message, but Alé was still in great dread of meeting her Sovereign. She contrived to be missing when the party arrived. When she could practise concealment no longer, she arranged matters so as to enter the Imperial presence under Britna's protection. The ordeal was not the terrible trial she had anticipated. Fyné received her very graciously, making no reference whatever to anything in the past.

Britna, according to custom, was with Fyné during the night. She slept more peacefully than she had done before, but for a time she was in great mental agony. The period was however much shorter than on any former occasion. Britna was now very hopeful. She thought that her friend's health would soon be restored. She attributed it to change of air and scene and pleasant human surroundings. The sufferer herself was half conscious of a more potent cause.

There was a chapel in the house. Most of the family and guests were in the habit of hearing Mass there daily. Britna never missed except when required by Fyné. One morning when she was about to attend in company of the other ladies, the Empress asked her if she might go also. "I know the tenets of your Church quite well," she said, "as well as any one can do who is not within the fold; but I never saw any of your services."

They entered the chapel together. Fyné noticed that Alé

was there among the rest, evidently engaged in devotion, not as herself a mere spectator.

"Has Alé become a Catholic?" she inquired of Britna, when they were alone.

"Yes," replied Britna. "I had great hopes before I left here to come to the war, but knew nothing certainly until she told me herself when I arrived here again with you."

Fyné was about to make some remark as to her desertion of her ancestral religion, which would not have been complimentary to Alé's intelligence. Something, she hardly knew what, arrested her words. "I hope it may make her happy" was all she said.

When they next saw the Dowager Queen her countenance was beaming with delight, for she had just received a telegram from Muro saying that he should be at Parena in time for dinner that very evening. Her son was in high spirits. He had left Kara, not in the character of a victorious enemy, but in the position of one who had taken a chief part in re-establishing order and the Imperial authority, and had much to tell the Empress, all of which was of a pleasing nature.

It had been arranged, as the reader will remember, that Eklis was to bring back with him Zabith to be his guest in Avenka. Klemenké was surprised that they had not arrived some days ago. Muro cleared up the mystery. After Klemenké had left Kara, Zabith and his father had begged the philosopher to take their mountain fastnesses on his way home. The temptation to this course was far too strong to be resisted. No civilized human being save Klemenké had ever visited the wild men's city. The manners of the people, and the strange place which was the metropolis of their religion, and their civil polity had been hitherto as absolutely cut off from scientific observation as Avenka had been from the political complications of the outer world. Over both had come a great change. Avenka was now a member of the recognized hierarchical order of states, and it seemed certain that the wild men, although they would continue still nomads, were prepared to become devout children of the Church.

Eklis visited these mountain regions under most advantageous circumstances. He saw far more of the country and the people than it was possible for Klemenké to do during her very hurried visit. Days passed on. There was so much to learn that it was long ere the philosopher's conscience pricked him as to his delay.

He persuaded himself that he was employed in collecting facts which would be most useful to Klemenké and her attendant missionaries.

The Lady Alé sat near Muro at dinner. The fact that she, like the other Catholics present, made the holy sign did not escape his notice. Next morning he saw her in the chapel. She was saying her prayers on a rosary which the Queen Dowager had given her. There could be no doubt that since he saw her last she had become a Catholic.

So soon as it was possible he had a long conference with his mother. She spoke in terms of the greatest affection for Alé. The young heathen girl had wound herself round the old woman's heart.

"This is one of the many disadvantages of being a King," Muro said. "I cannot ask her to be my wife, as I should do were I a subject. We royalties must not incur the risk of a personal refusal."

"I do not think you need fear that," the mother replied; "but she will, I am sure, be very much surprised. She is so humble, that I am quite certain it has never crossed her mind that there was even a remote possibility that you could care for her, though it is evident to all her friends that she has admired you from afar from her first seeing you. I will be your ambassadress, if you like, but shall say nothing whatever until you are gone. If her reply be such as I anticipate, may I not tell the Empress? The members of the royal houses which are feudatories of Kara cannot enter into marriage contracts without the consent of the Empress."

"Yes," the son replied, "pray do. It is an abominable law, but I do not think it probable that the Empress will throw any impediments in the way—notwithstanding all her crimes, she is a noble creature. Klemenké and Lady Britna have strangely softened her hard, cruel nature."

CHAPTER XLI.

EKLIS at length returned, bringing Zabith with him. They spent several days at Avenka. Klemenké was anxious that the young Prince should see the city and its neighbourhood, and had herself much to do in making arrangements for her own departure with her flock of attendants.

When she came back from Parena she was accompanied not only by Fyné and Britna, but by the Queen Dowager and the ladies of her Court. Alé, of course, was with them. Her terror of Fyné had passed away. Her engagement had been made public. The Empress had at once given her consent in the most gracious terms.

Klemenké took on her missionary journey a large party. There was her husband, her usual lady-companions—all except Britna—and many servants, as well as the missionary priests. At the railway-station near the battlefield they found a large body of Zabith's horsemen and many men on foot, whose duty it was to guide the sumpter-horses. Our friends spent the night in the house Klemenké had occupied during the war—all except Zabith and the priests. There was a tent prepared for the ecclesiastics.

As soon as the sun arose they were ready to set out on their way, staying for rest and refreshments shortly after mid-day at the hostelry visited by Klemenké on a previous occasion. Now it presented quite a festive appearance. The large room was decorated with pine-branches and flowers, and the table, on which refreshments were set out, was arrayed in a civilized manner. It was evident that no thought had been spared in making the guests as comfortable as possible. Here they spent a long time, for the horses had still far to go.

The place where they now were was, our readers will call to mind, the point where the wild men's territories began. Luncheon was over. They were sitting on benches on the green in front of the house, contemplating the magnificent prospect, when the old chieftain rode up. He was attended by six other horsemen, all of whom wore golden circlets indicative of their high rank. After due reverence had been offered to their Protectress, the old chief entered into conversation with his son in their own tongue.

"My father," Zabith said, addressing Klemenké, "will conduct

you for the rest of the journey. He asks me to go on before, that due preparations may be made."

The young man took Eklis with him. They had become intimate friends. He was, moreover, anxious to have the philosopher by his side, hoping to derive instruction from him on many points wherein he felt himself ignorant.

The old man had selected his companions partly, but not entirely, on account of their rank. He had brought with him only those who could speak or at least understand the language Klemenké used.

They rode slowly along. Klemenké had no cause for fear. She knew that they were as safe as when at home in Avenka. She had enjoyed her picturesque ride on the former occasion, how much more she did now may be understood, having her husband by her side and the native chiefs at hand, who were anxious to tell her the names of every mountain and stream within sight and to repeat the various histories and legends which attached to them.

It was near sunset when they reached the end of their journey. They found the large open space in front of the entrance to the city covered with tents, and Klemenké could see that the avenues leading into the forest were filled with the temporary abodes of those who had come from afar to offer her homage. Near the entrance of the city were several large tents provided for the priests and the attendants. No one but Sessos, Klemenké, and her personal following were at present to be admitted within the sacred enclosure.

Zabith and his wife, accompanied by her maidens, stood in the gateway to welcome them. On Eklis devolved the duty of seeing to the comforts of the priests.

Dinner was at once served. It was of a more varied character than on the last occasion. There were many kinds of game, some of which were new to all the guests, goats' milk and ewe milk, cheese of varied kinds, and subtle preparation of fruits and honey. The table was tastefully decorated with flowers, and there were thereon several gold ornaments, valuable for their workmanship far more than their material.

Klemenké was not surprised at what she saw. She had learned enough on her former visit to be quite sure that her subjects were on some sides of their character very far from being barbarians. Sessos and the Avenka ladies were highly delighted with the whole scene, and especially by Myrna and her

attendants. They were quite at their ease, and their conversation showed that they possessed a degree of refinement and information little to be dreamt of, secluded as their life had been.

When dinner was over and some time had been spent in conversation, Myrna asked the Princess to grant her a private interview. It was quite dark, but the city was lighted by lamps hung from poles. They adjourned to Myrna's dwelling. The children were asleep in their cots, pictures of contented happiness. "They are good sleepers," Myrna said. "Our conversation will not awake them. I wish to show you something," she continued. "I would not have troubled you to-night, for I am sure your long ride must have tired you, but some changes may have to be made, so there is no time to lose. I hope you will gratify your people by wearing them to-morrow."

As Myrna spoke, she made a sign to an attendant, who at once brought a crown. It was of pure gold. The flame-like rays worked with minute patterns, each one differing from all the rest.

"How very lovely," exclaimed Klemenké. "I never saw anything of the kind worked with such minute beauty." Wise woman as she was, she did not think it below her dignity to show the pleasure the magnificent present gave her. It was wonderful to her that a people reputed so barbarous could work so delicately and in such excellent taste.

"We hope you will wear it to-morrow, dear Protectress; it will give so very much delight to all your people. There are only three or four persons who have seen it besides ourselves. There is another ornament which I hope you will also like. The gems with which it is studded have all, as well as the gold, been found in our mountains."

As Myrna spoke she opened a package and disclosed a bodice of exquisitely fine golden chain-mail. The links were so wrought that in the centre was Klemenké's seven-pointed star, studded here and there with precious stones. Most of them were small rubies, but there were a few diamonds. The blaze of colour was relieved by some emeralds of larger size than the other stones. Klemenké was lost in wonder at the exquisite beauty of what she now saw.

"This was my husband's idea," Myrna said. "He had never seen anything of the sort before he was in the war. The King of Renavra and his soldiers wear things like this made of steel. He was so pleased with them that the King gave him one, which

he immediately sent to me with written directions as to what was to be done, which I was to interpret to the workmen, telling them to make one of gold like it for our Protectress. We fear however it may not fit you ; if it does not, I will have it altered before morning."

Klemenké tried it on, and found that but very slight changes were needed.

"If I had not seen them," she said, "I could never have believed it possible for my people to make such beautiful things, and so quickly too. The Empress Fyné has some lovely brooches, which she values very much, that have been bought of them, but there is not one of such fine and minute work as these."

"Several people have been employed on them at once," Myrna said. "The men who work in gold do nothing else—they and their fathers for generations have been goldsmiths, so they never have to stop to think what must be done next. Pray do not mention these things to the Prince or the ladies to-night," she continued, innocently. "I should like them to be surprised. Eklis knows. We were obliged to ask him some questions about your star."

"How did you know about my star, and that it has only seven points, not eight, like my sister's?" inquired Klemenké.

"Because I saw it embroidered on your horse-trappings when you were here before, and then you told Zabith what was the meaning of it one day during the war," Myrna said.

"So I did; but I should have thought, so very busy as he was at the time, that he would have forgotten all about it," Klemenké replied.

"We only forget things of daily use, not those that appeal to our affection," Myrna said, simply.

When morning came they had a late breakfast, for the journey of the previous day had been a tiring one. As soon as breakfast was over, they went to Mass in the tent prepared to serve as a church. There had been several before that which was attended by the Princess and her party. On each occasion the tent was filled by earnest men and women—worshippers we may be pardoned for calling them, though as yet they knew not the meaning of the holy rite they witnessed.

The Christians were accompanied by Zabith, Myrna, and her companions. From conversations which had already taken place, it was evident that, so far as his own knowledge extended, Zabith had instructed his wife and her household in the truths of

the faith ; in this he had been assisted by Eklis, who, during his stay, was not so entirely absorbed by the new knowledge he was gaining as to neglect so obvious a work of mercy.

As soon as Mass was over, Myrna took Klemenké to her own apartment to array her in the golden armour. "It is well," Klemenké said, as they crossed the green, "that I brought with me a black bodice ; it will show the gold rings to much better advantage than any other colour."

When she was about to return, Myrna said, "Pray, bear in mind, Protectress, that Zabith and I are but the channel through which these ornaments have reached you ; they are the gift of the whole of the tribes which live near at hand."

Sessos and the ladies were overcome with wonder when Klemenké appeared. Zabith, however, was impatient of delay, suggesting that the present was not a fitting occasion for a lecture on the art of working in the precious metals, as it is practised among barbarous people, a discourse with which it seemed probable that Eklis, if not restrained, was bent on inflicting on them.

It was time for them to adjourn to the place where it had been arranged that one of the missionaries should address the people. They crossed the city, and, ascending the stair, soon reached the grassy plain where, on her former visit, the old chieftain had shown Klemenké the hot-water springs. A stage had been built of pines on which the priests, Zabith's father, and several other important headmen were seated. Roughly made chairs were provided for the ladies, Zabith, and Sessos. That destined for Klemenké did not differ from the rest, but it stood on a slightly elevated platform or dais. The vast crowd were silent until all were seated ; then was raised a wild musical chant, like a song of victory. Klemenké had heard something not unlike it on a former occasion at the Grand Ducal castle, and afterwards more than once at Kara.

Klemenké arose, and looking around so that every one present might have a full view of her, she said, "You have chosen me for your Protectress, and I have undertaken the responsibility. The Catholic religion, if faithfully practised, will protect you from evil in this world, and will give you happiness for ever and ever after death. I have brought with me teachers of the truth, who will stay with you when I am gone away. You may put your trust in all things they tell you. It is their business, their duty, and their pleasure to deliver God's message to those who have never as yet received it."

The crowd listened in rapt attention. When she had resumed her seat the same musical chant was heard as that which had been raised to welcome her.

When the vocal music ceased, Zabith arose, and repeated what she had said in his native tongue, for many of the men and nearly all the women were ignorant of all languages but their own. Then one of the clergy stepped forth. He was a man who had had much experience in missionary work. Some of his hearers had seen him before, for it was he who had said the early Mass. By his side stood another priest, who bore a large crucifix. "The Princess Klemenké of Avenka," he said, "the lady you have chosen to be your Protectress, has brought with her myself and my companions, that we may tell you what is true about God, and the way in which you should love and serve Him. I was very glad when appointed to this work, for I had heard much about you from our soldiers who were witnesses of your bravery and your kindness to the wounded during the war. I know that many of you lead good lives, practising the natural virtues which you already know. I know, too, that you and your fathers have worshipped one God, and that so far as you have been able, you have hindered the slave-stealers carrying away the people from the Forest lands. God has rewarded you, because you have tried to do His will so far as you have known it, by sending priests of His Holy Church to explain to you the revelation of His will which He has Himself made to us."

We will not follow the discourse further. It was not long, for experience had taught the preacher that the untrained mind can take in but few ideas at one time. When however he spoke of God who had made everything, having come down on earth to die a cruel death for them, and explained how that sacrifice was carried out, and when the attendant priest held the crucifix aloft so that all might see, every one who could follow the words of the preacher burst into tears. Zabith then, as before, followed with a version of what had been said in the native tongue. This was far more impressive than the original discourse had been, for every one could understand it. The ideas conveyed were absolutely new, and the minds of the simple folk were not harrowed by sceptical doubts. They gave full credence to what they heard. There was hardly a man or woman present who would not have received Baptism on the spot had it been prudent to administer it.

The preacher felt that he had said enough. His first lesson

had been a striking success. He knew that it would be far better for his audience to have leisure to think of what they had heard. The priests dispersed themselves among the crowd, entering into conversation with those who knew the tongue of Kara. Zabith and his father conducted Sessos, Klemenké, and her following to the wells. They had all heard of them from Klemenké, but were unprepared for the grandeur of the geysers.

Zabith had seen Klemenké so often that he could converse with her without restraint. This was not the case with his father. The awe she had inspired from the time he discovered that she was not an evil spirit—call it superstition if you will—still haunted him; perhaps too he may have felt that she could not really have forgiven him for his attempt on her life when first they met. Klemenké observed this, but could think of no method for putting the old man's mind at ease. Sessos was more successful. When they were apart from the rest, he casually referred to the subject. This induced the chief to speak without reserve, and the answers that Sessos gave convinced the old man that no shade of anger or suspicion lurked in Klemenké's mind. He then began at once to speak of the position she held among his people. It was evident that not only he, but his son and every one of the assembled multitude, believed that the immemorial traditions of their race had been fulfilled, and that Klemenké was a messenger sent to bring to them a knowledge of the truth.

Sessos was no sceptic. He was far too wide-minded, too logical to question the possibility of his wife having had this high mission allotted to her; but he feared that the honours the people were inclined to bestow upon her might divert them from higher things, so he took not a little trouble to explain that among such Catholics as endeavoured to practise their religion, forgiveness of injuries was a trait so common that Klemenké deserved no especial honour on that account. The old man shook his head. "I never heard of any one like her," he said, "except Britna, the lady who can cure fevers—my mother says she is not a woman at all, but a good spirit sent from God. No woman would have dared to go into the cage to the tigers."

"She is only a mere woman, I am sure," Sessos replied, "only very good and simple-minded. Think how very terrible it would have been if the Empress had been torn to pieces by those cruel beasts without ever having been sorry for her hideous cruelties."

The old man did not speak for some time. Probably it did not strike him that it would have been in any way shocking that Fyné should have suffered as she had caused others to suffer. As to the punishments after death, his notions were at present so vague that probably in judging Fyné he did not take the hereafter into account. At last he said: "Why did not the Protectress bring Britna with her? I know Zabith begged that she would."

Sessos explained that Fyné was very ill and that Britna dare not leave her.

"I see how it is," he said. "Though her life is saved, God's judgments have fallen upon her. The evil things torment her. We had a man among our people like that. He had helped the slave-dealers to steal women from the Forest lands. So I made a slave of him; he had to dig for gold all day long. Soon the bad spirits were with him, and he was in torment day and night. At last we all pitied him and did what we could to help him, but even my mother could not do him any good. He said there was a fire burning within him, and so he died."

Days passed away. Every morning, after Mass, a short sermon was given, and then the priests went among the people to converse with them and answer their questions; each one was accompanied by an interpreter. Nearly every one received the message gladly. The only objectors were some of those who had come in contact with the degraded Christians who lived at the Duke's seaport, and the half barbarous people professing the same faith in Norendos. This was a great difficulty for the missionaries—a difficulty which presents itself in every age of the history of the Church. These simple barbarians, who had lived for ages in harmony with their own ideas of right, could not comprehend how it was possible that those who knew higher truths of which they were ignorant could live in violation of well-known duties.

Klemenké was a regular attendant on the instructions given by the missionaries, and day by day, accompanied by Myrna or one or other of her companions, went about among the women, explaining to them, through the medium of her companion, what they had heard. It was an interesting experience. These simple women, barbarians in some of their ideas—highly refined in others—may have regarded her as possessing superhuman qualities, but with the most reverential courtesy there was no

shyness. They had never learnt the poisonous doctrine that differences of rank, either in wordly position or in gifts of intellect, can put a bar between one human soul and another.

So busy was Klemenké in the good work she had undertaken that she had for the most part to decline the services of Zabith, who was anxious to show her the country. Sometimes, however, she and her husband took long rides among the mountains. The country was of unexpected beauty, and the flocks of her people very far exceeded anything she had imagined. In the Grand Ducal domains the wild men have very few sheep or goats, but when the Kara boundary was passed she found all the valleys occupied by them. This was a puzzle, soon explained by Zabith. "In the Ducal territory," he said, "property has long been secure, so the Duke's people have driven us from our old pasture-lands. In Kara no one can keep stock who is not able to protect it by force. We know how to use spears and rifles. The slaves in Kara do not, and would not risk their lives for property in which they had no interest if they did, so our valleys have never been stolen from us."

The ecclesiastics were at last permitted to enter the city. This did not take place until a very few days before that on which Klemenké had arranged to return. The reason of their exclusion was, that all the people feared that their sacred stone would be counted an unholy thing and that their instructors would call upon them, as an evidence of the sincerity of their conversion, to destroy that which their forefathers had revered for unknown ages as a material sign that there is but one God. As Klemenké and her following became familiar with the thoughts of her subjects, she discovered that these wild men, as they were called, held themselves aloof from the people of the cities and the plains, not only because they practised vices and cruelties which filled them with horror, but also because they worshipped a multitude of inferior deities. They had somehow or other arrived at the conclusion that this polytheism was the chief cause of the hateful lives led by so many of their neighbours.

As to the fate of the stone, Klemenké herself had some hesitation. On her former visit she avoided showing it reverence. When, however, its history was fully explained, it became clear to all the missionaries that this symbol was not only innocent, but had, we may well believe, been the means of

preserving the people from being captivated by the sensuous worships of their neighbours. That its fall was a perfectly *natural* event, they were as well aware, as would have been any agnostic philosopher which Kara, or the outer world, could furnish, but as that fall occurred at the exact time when it was most calculated to have a permanent influence on the people, they could not but believe that it was something far different from superstition which had led these simple people to regard it with religious honour.

CHAPTER XLII.

WHEN Klemenké and her lay-folk returned to Avenka the priests were left behind to proceed with their work. She had promised to send them a large bronze rood to be placed near the great stone, so that her subjects might ever have before their eyes Him whom they had worshipped ignorantly in the ages of darkness now passing away.

All her friends at home were much interested in the good news which the wanderers brought home, but no one more so than the Empress. This may seem strange, but there were good reasons for it. A change was creeping over her, one which caused any manifestation of true religious feeling to be very attractive to her. Now she was for the first time in her life living among Christian people and had opportunities of observing the civilization of which they were examples; blurred as the vision might be, it was in sharp contrast with everything she had seen before or could have pictured in her imagination. Britna was with her as usual, but avoided, when possible, talking on any of those subjects which she knew were occupying Fyné's mind. She was sure that if her friend were ever to be freed from her unhappy thralldom, it would not be by the means of mere argument. Rescue came sooner than she had dared to hope for.

One day they were alone, walking under the shadow of the trees which overhung the lake. They were talking lightly about the lovely prospect before them, when Fyné suddenly broke off, diverting her thoughts to personal subjects.

"I can rest once more at night. I have had no return of the old misery for many days," she said.

"It is a blessed change which I have long hoped for," Britna replied.

"Yes," said the Empress. "So it is for more than one reason. As you know I am well again now, you will not think me mad when I tell you something strange."

"Certainly not," said Britna, who did not at once see to what the remark was an introduction.

"I am a Christian," she said, "and must seek Baptism at once, if I am fit for it. Tell me to whom I ought to go for instruction." She spoke quite simply, as if it were the most ordinary matter of business. Her proud heart had undergone a great change. She was now humble and shrank from parading her feelings.

Britna understood her. She gazed on her with mute affection. "Thank God," she at length exclaimed. That was all she said. Her prayers had been answered. Her heart was full of gratitude, but for the present she did not deem it a fit subject for conversation. She read her sister's heart too truly to be mistaken.

The Baptism was administered in private. There were political reasons why it would have been unwise to have drawn more attention than was called for to what must, when it became known, offend so many of her subjects. Fyné had, however, no desire for concealment. She was far too conscientious, too brave also, to wish any one to remain in ignorance of so important a change, but she knew it to be a personal matter as to which her subjects had no right to interfere.

Weeks passed away, and still there came no news of the King of Naverac. He had told Britna that he should make no needless delay, nor did he; but he found much requiring attention when he returned. Though his intended marriage was not made public, it was necessary to communicate it to certain of the great State functionaries, and above all to the Archbishop, for he discovered on inquiry that no one but he had it in his power to grant permission to Britna's friend the Abbess to be absent from her convent for more than a few days at a time. This was arranged for by the King taking the Archbishop with him on the return voyage.

The King had not told his friend the Duke when he went away that he was about to come back as soon as might be, to seek a bride, but he had spoken of returning with a consider-

able retinue, and arrangements were gladly entered into for their entertainment at the castle on their arrival.

One day a royal messenger came to Avenka with despatches for the Queen. What these contained has remained a secret of State, but among them was a letter for Britna. The King and his party arrived the next day. The Abbess was accompanied by four of the Sisters of her Order and her chaplain:

The King had of course communicated to the Abbess all he knew as to what had occurred since Britna had been reft away from her, but there was much to tell which the King did not know of. The agony of the days of slavery could be far more fully interpreted by one of her own sex.

We need not endeavour to describe Britna's delight at meeting once more her old friend, to whom she owed so much, in such strangely altered circumstances. Fyné spent long hours with her, drinking in all the information she had to give. She told her all she knew regarding the little child she had so lovingly protected, except who her parents were—this she held back for the present. She felt it ought not to be communicated until she had become on perfectly unrestrained terms with the Empress. So time glided on, until it was pointed out by the King that further delay would be extremely inconvenient to the parties most concerned. The communication was made when the two were alone. The idea that Britna was her sister had never crossed Fyné's mind during her hours of wakefulness; but often in the weary, half delirious hours of night she thought that Elne was once more with her, that she could hear her sweet, calm voice, but never see her. When this in after-days was told to Eklis, he gave what he assured his hearers to be the scientific explanation of the phenomenon. It was that Britna's voice had from the first stirred in Fyné vague memories of her lost sister, but that when the intellect was active the idea was obscured by the memories of more recent times and the events happening at the present around her. During sleep the message of the senses was received in part, though imperfectly. It was sufficient to revive many impressions, but not that of sight. However worthy of attention this explanation may have been, it was received by those who heard it as a mere guess. Their interpretation, if less scientific, had the advantage of being more in harmony with the facts. They could not regard it as a mere coincidence that the lost darling was given back to the sorrowing

one almost immediately after she had humbled her proud will and knelt at the foot of the Cross.

The story told by the Abbess was a simple one. When little Elne was carried off, her captors knew not who she was. They were heathen and very barbarous. They proposed to offer her as a sacrifice to the sea-gods they worshipped, in the hope that their catch of fish might be rendered more plentiful; but ere the horrid rite could take place, what was contemplated came to the ears of the Abbess. She was popular among the non-Christian fisher-folk on account of her charities. Her influence over them was strained to the utmost; it at length proved strong enough to induce them to hand the child over to her, though there were many protests raised by those who clung most tenaciously to old ideas. She found Elne a bright and intelligent little thing, who soon won from her the deepest affection.

When Elne had been an inmate of her new home for a short time she received Baptism. Not long after this the inquiries which were being made as to her fate reached the ears of the Abbess. Her conscience clearly forbade her to surrender the little one with the certainty of her being forced back into the blind religion of her parents. The position was a painful one. At length the Abbess determined that she would, after a time, take her over sea and put her under the protection of the royal family of Naverac; but this she was aware would be by no means easy, as she could not quit Rhusla without special permission from the Archbishop, and there was but seldom any means of communication between the barbarous land in which she and her nuns had made their home and the great island kingdom of which she was a native. Another reason influenced her. Elne was very happy in her new home. Although she showed no signs of having a vocation for the monastic state, she had no desire to take her rightful place as a princess under the protection of the Court of Naverac. So years passed by, and opportunities were lost, for which, when the catastrophe occurred, the Abbess never ceased to condemn herself.

When Elne was grown up, the apostate nun, who was afterwards Chuchu's agent in so many of his crimes, disappeared from the convent, and it was she who had put the slave-stealers on the scent, and thus become the chief agent in the capture of their valuable prize. When Elne was brought to Kara the unhappy apostate still possessed some remains of womanly feeling. She took a fiendish delight in torturing her,

but could never bring herself to be guilty of the crowning atrocity of revealing to her master the rank and condition of the new inmate of the harem. In his eyes she was to the last but No. 31 of the poor creatures under his charge.

The King of Naverac was right in his surmise. Fyné bore the glad news that Elne was given back to her with exceeding calmness. It was a supreme joy, but she could not love her more now than she had learnt already to love Britna, the self-sacrificing slave-girl, who had saved her from a terrible death, and had compelled her to realize, by an example far more powerful than any of the arguments Klemenké could frame, that the universe and every soul therein were watched over by an intelligence at once all-powerful and infinitely holy.

The succession to the principality of Norendos did not trouble her mind. She had more important thoughts to occupy her. The subject was never mentioned until it was referred to by Hulon, who found it necessary to explain that it was impossible for his future wife to be an independent monarch on her own account. The Empress was, however, anxious to see as soon as possible the old chieftain, Zella's father, who had long served her so loyally. This was necessary, for means must be taken without delay of informing her northern subjects of Elne's recovery, and that no change in the government would result therefrom.

The two royal marriages, that of Hulon, King of Naverac, with the Princess Elne of Norendos, and of Muro, King of Rhusla, with the Lady Alé, took place on the same day in the Cathedral Church of Avenka.

THE END.

Reviews.

I.—THE NEW LEGISLATION ON THE INDEX.¹

IT is commonly said, though since the publication of the *Officiorum ac Munerum* not quite accurately, that the Index does not bind in England. It is true that, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the country, where the literature is predominantly Protestant, and Catholics and Protestants are so much mixed up together, ample powers of dispensation are given to the Bishops, lest what was intended for the protection of faith should prove rather a new danger to it. It would, however, be a sad misapprehension to regard this new Bull as having only an academic interest for English Catholics. The Church is not given to be arbitrary in her legislation. She is moved to it by the existence of real evils, and applies solid remedies. And certainly we must not suspect her of arbitrariness in regard to a system of law like that which restricts the reading of unsound books, a system which was established in the earliest times, and has been built up by successive revisions and adaptations during the whole course of her history. It is, in fact, the law of nature which obliges us to avoid the occasions of sin, and, except for those specially qualified, the reading of books against faith or morals is such. All that the Church does by her positive legislation is to determine what the law of nature leaves indefinite. We may compare her law about writing and reading with her law about the Sunday Mass. If for sufficient reasons she were to dispense in some country from the obligation of the latter law, it would still be incumbent on all to hear Mass from time to time, and desirable that they should, as far as possible, make a practice of hearing it on Sunday. In the same way, Catholics in England, as well as elsewhere, should recognize the unlawfulness—except for those duly qualified, and even for those, only

¹ *La Nouvelle Législation de l'Index. Texte et Commentaire de la Constitution Officiorum ac Munerum*, du 25 Janvier, 1897. Par M. l'Abbé Boudinhon. Paris : Lethielleux.

when a sufficiently grave purpose requires it—of reading what is dangerous to faith and morals, and should welcome the Church's legislation as a safe rule by which to guide themselves and their families. We must not forget, too, that there are other matters prescribed by the new Bull as by the former law, in regard to which there can be no question of an exception for England. A dispensation to read condemned books cannot be construed into a dispensation to write them; whilst, on the other hand, a prohibition to read them is *a fortiori* a prohibition to write them. And this is important to remember. No Catholic writer, who cares for the Church's law, would be tempted to write "against the worship of God or the Blessed Virgin." The following clauses in the Bull require to be noticed: "Damnantur . . . opera in quibus inspirationis sacræ Scripturæ conceptus pervertitur, aut ejus extensio nimis coarctatur. Prohibentur quoque libri qui data opera ecclesiasticam hierarchiam aut statum clericalem vel religionem probis afficiunt." Of these two clauses the first contains an entirely new prohibition, whilst the second casts a previous prohibition into a new form. And M. Boudinhon points out to us that the addition and revision are evidently intended to meet an increasing evil of the present day.

For these reasons, and also for the interest intrinsic to the subject, a book like M. Boudinhon's *La Nouvelle Legislation de l'Index* deserves a welcome. It is an instructive commentary on the Bull of 1897, free from unnecessary technicalities, so as to be intelligible to readers of ordinary education, and is by a writer who is a canonist by profession, and a scholarly and painstaking writer, of the sort one looks for from St. Sulpice. In an Introductory Chapter, M. Boudinhon gives the history of the Index, explaining and expanding the brief outline contained in the Bull *Officiorum ac Munerum*. Three stages in this history may be distinguished. Before the invention of printing, the condemnation of heterodox books was frequent, but until then there was, naturally, no censorship previous to publication. The first general Index of Forbidden Books was compiled by Paul IV. in 1557. It was marked by the accustomed severity of that Pontiff, but was, shortly afterwards, made milder. The Council of Trent still further revised and improved this Index, and directed that the Rules, since called the Rules of the Index, should be drawn up. Various modifications of these rules have been made by subsequent Popes, but by the time of the Vatican

Council there was a general wish among the Bishops that a fuller revision should be undertaken, with the view of adapting the rules better to the conditions of the present age. The Vatican Council was prematurely terminated, but its suggestions were taken up by the Holy See, which has been working at them and endeavouring to give effect to them in various Constitutions ever since. The recent Bull on the Index is an instance of this, and is all in the sense of mitigating the rigour of the ancient law. M. Boudinhon's commentary takes each of its provisions one by one, and, comparing it with what was previously in force, shows in what the mitigation consists.

One point about the Bull which should be of special interest to English readers is that which regulates the use of Holy Images, the publication of prayers and prayer-books, of litanies and liturgical works, and which proscribes the publication of apocryphal indulgences. The sixth and seventh chapters of the Bull are occupied with these subjects, and M. Boudinhon, along with his exposition, gives an instructive account of the action taken by the Church authorities in repressing undesirable statues, prayers, devotions, &c., and of the principles by which they have been guided in such action.

2.—A GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE.¹

Through his *Outlines of Jewish History*, and his *Outlines of New Testament History*, Father Gigot is already favourably known as a compiler of Introductions. He now gives us a General Introduction to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and promises to follow it up with two volumes of Special Introduction, to the Old and New Testament respectively. Met by such an announcement some might say, "Have we not enough of Introductions already?" But we have not so very many of recent date, whilst the subject is one in which new matter is constantly accumulating, and several questions still require further working out. Father Gigot describes his method as "that inaugurated by Richard Simon, the historico-critical method, called thus from the general purpose it has in view, viz., to give as genuine facts, or as valid inferences from facts, only

¹ *General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures.* By the Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S.S., Professor of Scripture in St. Mary's College, Baltimore. New York: Benziger Brothers.

those which, in the light of historical knowledge and sound criticism, are entitled to be considered as such." There can indeed be no other possible method, nor can one imagine a writer not professing to follow it. It is true, however, that in former days students of the sacred text were absorbed in the consideration of its divine aspect, and paid comparatively little attention to the human aspect which it shares with other literary works; and that this absorption led them to consider insufficiently those intricate problems, as to the history and formation of the Canon, as to the right principles of interpretation, and as to the character of inspiration, which have since come so much to the front. No one disregards or wishes to disregard these problems now-a-days, and the only distinction between writers on Inspiration at present possible, is as to the success with which they apply their principles.

Father Gigot seems to have done his work satisfactorily, and to have produced a really useful book, which will be welcomed to the shelves of our theological libraries. He follows loyally the lines indicated by the authoritative utterances of the Holy See, shows a competent knowledge of his subject both on its theological and critical sides, and manifests a sound judgment in his choice of opinions. He knows too the limits within which a writer on Inspiration should keep. He gives a clear statement of the several questions as they come up, of the opinions that have been held in regard to them, and the reasons on which each side relies; and then finishes by giving his own view, and the grounds on which he prefers it. As in following this programme he is always careful to mention the books from which further information can be obtained, to the inclusion of those most recently published, the reader is able to feel that he has obtained a distinct notion of the points at issue, and a good basis for his further studies.

The list of matters which a volume like this has to traverse is well known, and we need not enumerate them, but we may refer specially to the Appendix in which the nature of Inspiration is discussed. Till recently there was a disposition to hold that inspiration might be limited to those parts of Scripture which have a doctrinal or ethical purpose. The theory was convenient, as it left one free to allow that there were errors in the parts which were merely historical or scientific, whereas most of the difficulties raised against Inspiration, rested on passages belonging to these last-mentioned categories. Since 1893,

however, when the *Providentissimus Deus* was published, this position is no longer tenable for Catholics, unless indeed they are prepared to break with the Church. The Encyclical expressly excludes that position, deducing from the previously defined dogma that God is the *author* of Scripture, the conclusion that every statement in it is His, the Truthful and Omniscient, and, as such, must be free from error. Those who are discontented with this Encyclical should read Father Gigot's account of the history of dogma which lay behind it, and with which Leo XIII. would have placed himself in discontinuity had he enunciated any less exacting teaching.

Father Gigot shows how, since the date of the Encyclical, a way is still left open and has been discerned by those who labour to harmonize the doctrine of Inspiration with history and science. Leo XIII. himself indicates this course to them. He accepts the principle that the Holy Spirit did not, in inspiring the sacred writers, wish to teach them history or science, and that in consequence, matters historical and scientific are wont to be described or alluded to in the Bible according to the appearance they present to the senses or the opinions prevalent at the time of writing. We believe this to be a very far-reaching limitation indeed, only that as yet it has not been sufficiently examined. It rests upon the undoubted truth that God, though the principal, is not the only author of the sacred books; and that though He be the primary selector of the thoughts in their sequence out of which the book is made up, He must be governed largely in His selection by the capabilities of the human agent, who is not a mere mechanical but a rational instrument in His hands. He must necessarily adapt Himself to the mental horizon of the human writer, since the alternative would be to lift him out of harmony with his age, and thereby disturb, not for him only, but for his contemporaries generally, the natural course of intellectual progress, which is itself a divine institution. To take an illustration. There is a difficulty, we know, and perhaps an impossibility, in harmonizing the dates in the Historical Books with those otherwise known to us from Assyrian sources, whilst the latter recommend themselves as the more reliable, as being the more complete and systematic. But suppose that the dates contained in the Historical Books were dates popularly accepted in Palestine at the time of writing, what could the Divine author do? It would have caused great confusion in the mind of the

human author and his contemporary readers to correct him in regard to such chronological errors, nor was there any commensurate advantage to be gained by so doing. On the other hand, the inspired history would be incomplete without dates. Was not the natural course to inspire him to write down the dates as popularly accepted? In which case, being truly the dates popularly accepted, they were true in the sense intended alike by the Divine and human authors, and we must not forget that it is by this standard, his meaning in employing his words, that we hold a man's speech to be true or false.

3.—THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE.¹

Mr. J. Hamilton Wylie is the author of an erudite work on the reign of Henry IV. Those who have read it can understand why the University of Oxford should have invited him to deliver the Ford Lectures for 1900, and why he should have chosen the Council of Constance as his subject. From a writer so qualified one might have expected, if not a sympathetic, at least an instructive treatment of a phase of history so fraught with momentous issues for the Catholic Church. Unfortunately, the features which gave value to the *History of England under Henry IV.*, are far from conspicuous in these Ford Lectures. In the *Envoi* Mr. Wylie describes the historical method now-a-days approved as one "which was recently forecast as 'destined to . . . make history independent of historians, and . . . lecturees independent of lecturers.'" He means that it belongs to this method to rely on contemporary documents and carefully to supply the reader with the means of consulting them, so that he may test the statements of the writers. In his work on Henry IV. Mr. Wylie's foot-notes teem with such references, for which his readers cannot be too grateful, but in the present lectures there are simply no foot-notes at all, or references of any kind, nothing beyond a slight general description of authorities in the Preface. Yet there are many very questionable statements in the text which readers solicitous to know the truth will be most anxious to have the means of testing. Nor is the gravity of this deficiency lessened by the fact that the lectures were addressed to University students,

¹ *The Council of Constance to the Death of John Huss.* By James Hamilton Wylie, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

and were presumably intended to teach them how to study history for themselves, and to write it.

Again, Mr. Wylie in his *Envoi* deprecates the charge of over-minuteness, contending very justly that minuteness in searching out and gathering details is indispensable to a trustworthy account of historical facts, and telling us that he knows "nothing sadder in literature than the way in which old fictions are repeated by favourite authors without any attempt at verification from original sources." But it seems to us that here also Mr. Wylie falls under his own condemnation. He supplies us, no doubt, with a wealth of details of the kind which are useful in giving vividness to the descriptions, though they are often introduced in a somewhat crude manner. But, while such colouring matter is always welcome, it is after all of less importance. It is the details of the picture, not of the frame, which are so necessary, and often so essential to the right understanding of what is portrayed. And Mr. Wylie simply gives us no help at all to enter into the minds and appreciate the respective positions of the contending parties in the Great Schism, or to understand the difficulties which the Council had to overcome. These are points in determining which attention to details is all-important, and when they are supplied it begins to appear, as might have been anticipated, that each of the Popes—or rather, rival claimants—had an intelligible case; and that, if there were defects in their conduct and their mode of dealing with the crisis, still the right course to take could not have been so self-evident to them. Thus Gregory XII.—whom the documents we now possess convincingly prove to have represented the originally legitimate succession—gave as his reason for refusing to meet Pedro de Luna at Savona, that he suspected the latter of a design to capture him, that it was a dangerous precedent for a legitimate Pope to resign merely because some Cardinals had rebelled successfully against their lawful ruler, and that the verdict of the University of Paris, which refused to allow the validity of the resignation of Celestine V.—and in consequence the validity of Boniface VIII.'s Papacy—had to be taken into account. These were all considerations which, as the trustee for his high office, he was bound to weigh, though we may feel, as he did eventually, that in view of the prolonged schism, the right course for him, and for the others, to take was to abdicate in the hands of a Council strong enough to ensure that there should be no new election till the ground was clear for one over which all would be united.

Had Mr. Wylie taken the pains, of which he is quite capable, to distinguish out for us these and the other similar elements in the history, the discrimination of which is alone able to reveal to us its true intelligibility, he would have laid us under a debt of gratitude. But we cannot feel respect for him as a lecturer whilst we find him painting each of the three claimants to the Papacy jet black, quite in the off-hand manner of antiquated Protestant historians, and making inane statements such as that, after Gregory's abdication the Church "instead of three Popes and a tri-vided faith, had no visible head at all," just as if this were not a recurrent temporary necessity in the case of every electoral sovereignty.

It is the same with the history of Huss' safe-conduct. Mr. Wylie throws no light on the subject at all. He makes a pretence of weighing the reasons that have been advanced in defence of the Council in regard to this point, but his estimate is rendered perfectly valueless by the fact that in his statement of these reasons he dislocates them from their proper *situs* in the general argument. Nor is there any attempt to appreciate what the Council must have meant when they said that his safe-conduct was not to be held to protect him to the prejudice of the Catholic faith and ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Mr. Wylie is content to set this down as a palpably immoral doctrine; but, of course, what the Council meant was that Sigismund could give him a safe-conduct to bring him to Constance for his trial, and take him back if acquitted, but that it was beyond Sigismund's power to promise him protection from punishment if found guilty of crime by the ecclesiastical judges, who were over, not under, the Emperor in regard to the cognizance of that species of crime; and that a promise to do what exceeds a person's lawful power is one which he is not bound and not allowed to fulfil.

4.—SPIRITUAL INSTRUCTION.¹

It is pleasant to see the familiar and time honoured name of Wilberforce as the translator of one of the most valuable spiritual treatises ever written. For though the *Imitation of Christ* carries off, by the common consent of mankind, the palm

¹ *A Book of Spiritual Instruction (Institutio Spiritualis)*, by Blosius. Translated from the Latin by Bertrand A. Wilberforce, of the Order of St. Dominic. London and Leamington: Art and Book Company.

among writers on the interior life, yet it has a somewhat different character from that which Father Wilberforce has translated for us. It is primarily ascetical rather than mystical, it treats of the supernatural life of the soul in matters which concern its general relations to God and to creatures, and not merely of its life of contemplation and of that special union with God, which is the end and object of contemplation. Whereas with mystical books like that of Blossius, although the end aimed at is the same, yet the means adopted to gain the end are of a different description. It directs the soul to that intimate and immediate intercourse with God which not only brings it nearer to Him, but unites it to Him in such a way that it may be said in some sense to be assimilated to Him, though retaining, and retaining indeed in full activity, its faculties and powers.

At the same time, mystical treatises aim at a practical end no less than ascetical, as we may see in every page of the treatise of Blossius. For instance:

The servant of God must beware of imitating those people, and there are many, who meditate on the Passion of our Saviour with great exterior devotion, sweetness, and tears, and yet refuse to mortify their vices and to follow Him. Not thus should he act, but he should meditate on the Passion of our Lord as a true Christian, desiring really to imitate His most holy example of charity, obedience, humility, and resignation. . . . As the Soul of Christ was sorrowful, compassionate, modest, meek, mortified, and humble, and as His Body was chaste, pure, virtuous, laborious, and suffering, to these things the spiritual man must take care to conform his own spirit, soul, and body. He should beg earnestly of Christ to bestow this grace on him, for nothing is more necessary, since the highest perfection of life is to be found in this likeness to Christ.¹

To the work of Blossius (or Louis of Blois, for our readers are doubtless aware that Blossius is only the Latinized form of the name he derives from the place where he was born) is added a portion of a similar treatise by Dr. Tauler. We confess we prefer the writings of the pupil to that of his master. The latter uses expressions which are liable to be misunderstood, as, for instance, when he says that in the union of contemplation the created spirit is "liquefied and immersed in the uncreated Spirit, and entirely absorbed by Him,"² to which Father Wilberforce prudently adds a little explanatory note.

¹ P. 42.² P. 122.

The book is well translated, and some useful notes are added throughout by the translator. On p. 121 there is an analysis of the word anathema quoted from St. Thomas, to which we are inclined to demur. The real meaning of the word does not seem to be a thing "*separated* from the use of men," but rather a thing *devoted* either to high honour or to utter destruction. The Greek for the former is *ἀνάθημα*, for the latter, *ἀνάθεμα*. The latter word has invariably a bad sense, and the former an invariably good one.

We have every reason to be grateful to Father Wilberforce for this admirable little book. It is well printed and got up, and we strongly recommend it as profitable spiritual reading for all those who are following after virtue and perfection.

5.—LES MISSIONS ANGLICANES.¹

It is always difficult for a Catholic writer to take a just and unprejudiced view of Anglicanism and Anglican institutions. Knowing that it is a house built upon the sand, he fails altogether to recognize how firm and durable it is nevertheless, and what a power of enterprise and self-propagation it possesses. He is unable to appreciate the devotedness and real piety of thousands of its members. He cannot understand how ten thousands of them are in good faith. Perhaps a Frenchman, who is nothing if he is not logical, finds it most difficult of all to understand how educated and cultivated men can fail to see how utterly illogical their position as dogmatic Anglicans really is.

This makes a book like that of Père Ragey on Anglican Missions a perfect wonder. He seems thoroughly to enter into the Anglican mind. What is more, he does it full justice. He has studied it long and carefully, and appreciates the devotion and excellence of its missionaries, their self-denying lives, and zeal for the propagation of their religion, though at the same time he never fails to remind his readers that all their energy and enterprise is but the means of spreading heresy, and too often hinders and renders fruitless the efforts of the Catholic missionary.

He begins with an account of the various Anglican

¹ *Les Missions Anglicanes.* Par le Père Ragey, Mariste. Ouvrage précédé d'une Lettre-Préface de Mgr. Le Roy, Evêque d'Alinda. Paris: Librairie Bloud et Barral.

Missionary Societies, High Church, Low Church, and Moderate. His description of them and of their work is derived mainly from their own official publications. He gives their rules and regulations, the statistics of their converts, their incomes, and the missionaries, European and native, who are employed by them. He is amazed, as every Catholic well may be, at their grandeur, and their success. He bears testimony to their untiring zeal. He hopes that the partial truths which they spread among heathen nations may be the means of preparing them for the full light of Catholic truth. He thinks that the truths they teach suffice to throw a clear light on the origin and destiny of man and on the value of souls, and on the evil of vice, and the beauty of virtue. "How," he asks, "can one believe that God became Man for us, without feeling the heart inflamed with love of Him?"

It is pleasant to have the favourable and charitable view taken by Père Ragey so generously put forward, and it is very useful for us to know, as every one must know who reads his book, what a tower of strength (albeit built upon the sand) the Anglican Missions are to Anglicanism throughout the world. At the same time we think that the general impression left upon the mind by the book is perhaps a little too favourable to Anglicanism. The writer does not seem to be aware of the contempt generally entertained for the Anglican missionary by the educated natives of the countries in which they labour, or the very unsatisfactory moral character of too many of their "converts." In this respect the Preface of Mgr. Le Roy is a useful corrective to the somewhat rose-coloured view taken by Père Ragey. Mgr. Le Roy reminds us that "money is their chief method of propagandism," and draws a sombre, but too true a picture of the native convert, whose attitude he describes as *faite de suffisance, de morgue, de raideur, et, pour tout dire, d'orgueil*. We cannot help suspecting that the author of the Preface speaks of Anglican missions and their results from a personal experience of their practical working, whereas the book itself is based chiefly on a perusal of their own documents, and from the speeches and writings of Anglican Bishops and clergymen.

Yet we have every reason to be indebted to Père Ragey for his most thorough and appreciative account of Anglican organization and enterprise, and strongly recommend his book to those who wish to know more of the civilizing and evange-

lizing influence of Anglican missionaries. The present age is essentially an age when British enterprise threatens to extend itself over the whole earth; and the Protestant missionary is at the same time the pioneer and the representative of British influence all the world over. Whether in the end he will pave the way for the spread of the Catholic Church, or hinder the work entrusted to it by our Lord, is a question which altogether baffles man's power of prevision.

6.—ARUNDEL HYMNS.¹

The Third Part of the Arundel Hymns, chosen and edited by the Duke of Norfolk and Charles T. Gatty, has recently been issued, and is much the same in character as its predecessors. The hymns have been selected from various sources, some are modern, some old, some foreign, some English; but they are all religious in style and free from vulgarity and sentimentality, and they are harmonized by musicians. The enthusiasm they have evoked among critics is probably due in some measure to the extreme dislike with which many of the hymns at present in vogue in our churches are regarded by people of taste. That the latter, with their jingling rhymes and sickly melodies, may be supplanted by the Arundel hymns, is a consummation devoutly to be wished. When the hymns are "grouped under subjects or seasons and issued in a single volume," the work will be a very valuable one and should find its way to every church library.

7.—THE PESSIMIST.²

In *Der Pessimist*, a two-volume novel, the author, through the medium of a story, describes the conditions which in Germany sometimes lead young and thoughtful minds to welcome the theories of Schopenhauer and von Hartmann; and the way in which the self-same cravings of mind and heart can be satisfied by Catholic faith and practice. The story opens on the island of Heligoland, a favourite summer resort for the citizens of Hamburg. Theodor Göhrings is the second son of a wealthy bank director, a self-made man, whose not very lofty ambition,

¹ *Arundel Hymns*. Chosen and edited by Henry Duke of Norfolk and Charles Gatty. Part III. Boosey and Son.

² *Der Pessimist*. Von Ansgar Albing. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder.

gratified in the course of the tale, is to acquire by purchase the title of a Baron of Hamburg. Theo is pursuing his studies for the law, and afterwards serves his time in a crack cavalry regiment. There is a cast of melancholy in his temperament, born of the conflict in his mind between higher yearnings which he cannot yet interpret and the hollowness of the society in which he has to move; and to these predispositions the philosophy of the pessimists to which his studies introduce him comes as a distressing but convincing solution of the enigma of life. What preserves him for a time is the companionship of a young Heligolander, a fisher-boy, who in his childhood had saved him from drowning, and to whom, much to the distaste of his worldly-minded parents, he had been ardently, and somewhat over-sentimentally, attached ever since. Hans Payens has only the education of his class, but his simple faith in God, his pure mind, his true instincts, and his noble self-sacrificing character act upon Theo's melancholy like a fresh sea-breeze on a close and stuffy room. Thus the golden youth is often reclaimed to nobler thoughts by contact with his humble friend. Early in the story Hans dies, the victim of his own devotedness, and Theo's pessimism settles down into a fixed habit. Time, however, brings other friends, particularly a young Italian painter, a practising Catholic, and a dear old philosopher, Herr von Sechow, who had been a Catholic in his youth, but, in reaction against ungrateful usage, had, like Theo, taken refuge in pessimism. Still, his faith has not been quite extinguished, and Theo, who can reason soundly in the case of another, induces him to go again to confession. It is through conversations with this Herr von Sechow that Theo is himself brought very gradually to see the truth of the Catholic Church. For a long time he resists, fearful lest he should lose his lovable English bride, but eventually he yields to grace, and all ends happily.

There is a prejudice against religious novels, but it seems irrational. The special value of a novel lies in its power to portray fully and vividly the working out of causes tending towards some definite object of interest in human life. The discovery and embracing of religious truths is such an object quite as much as the marriage in which most novels terminate, and it is hard to see why the one class of writer has not as good a right as the other to use the novel as the instrument of his art. All that can be claimed of him is that he should observe like

others the conditions of a good novel, that he should be true to life in his portrayals, particularly as regards the processes by which the mind takes on new ideas, that he should be fresh and natural in his conversation, and not yield to the easy expedient of sermonizing. On the whole, Ansgar Albing has observed these requirements. He has done justice to the argument, and put it in a form which may be of real use to some of his readers; and he has made an interesting story, which one follows without growing weary, and has introduced some well-drawn characters. One well depicted type of character may be mentioned as unfamiliar to English readers, except by its analogies among ourselves. It is the Lutheran minister, deeply committed to the Higher Criticism, who finds it hard to combine his opinions with the exercise of his pastoral office, and exposes himself at times to perplexing inquiries from his hearers. As defects in the book we may note the chapter entitled, *The Court of Queen Elizabeth*, which contributes little to the action of the tale, and the maudlin and quite unnecessary conversation between Von Sechow and Georgina, in which he tries to induce her to go back to her husband who has divorced her. The multiplication of extracts from a Court Guide as a device for shortening the narrative is too transparent. As a German the author may be excused for not always knowing the English form of address, and the laws governing the descent of English titles.

8.—OUR MOTHER.¹

Our Mother purports to be the life of Ismay Oliver, the daughter of an Anglican clergyman, who became a Catholic in her nineteenth year, and was eventually the foundress of a new congregation of nuns, named the English Apostolines. Before reaching this final stage in her career, however, she tries her vocation in no less than ten convents. Some of these she leaves of her own initiative, after remaining in them only a few weeks, in others she remains till the eve of her profession, when, mostly on account of mysterious illnesses then attacking her, the nuns in Chapter refuse her their votes. The manner in which she joined and almost immediately left the last of these ten convents, and came to realize that her vocation was to found

¹ *Our Mother*. By Frances I. Kershaw. London: Burns and Oates.

a congregation of her own, is very singular. She had just left, not without difficulty, a most unpleasant convent at Rome, the character of which may be gathered from a dictum of the Superior's, which she was fond of repeating to her subjects: "I am not bound to keep the Rule, but I am bound to see that you keep it." Ismay then thought of returning to England, but resolved to visit on the way a French Bishop of her acquaintance and consult him as to her future plans. This Bishop recommended her joining a convent in his episcopal city, in which accordingly she was quickly clothed. But a week later the Chapter met to decide on the expulsion of a Sister, whom the Superior pronounced to be a "decoy-duck of Satan's preserves." Ismay, to her surprise, was called into the Superior's room, where she found this rejected Sister, who at once appealed to her to leave the convent with her and found a new Order, in which they might both carry out the religious life. Ismay at first declined, but Marie Rien, the Sister in question, apostrophized her as follows: "Then I have no choice left me but to return to the world. My father and mother are dead. I have but a step-mother left me. She keeps a public-house. To her I shall have to go, where my weakness will fall a prey to all the vices. Ah, Sister, have pity on me. You can save me if you will. I hoped you would have established a convent in England, and I would have accompanied you there." Thus moved, Ismay agreed to refer the matter to the Bishop, and to go by his decision; and the Bishop, contrary to what one would have anticipated—unless, indeed, he wished to get rid of Ismay on other grounds, and was diplomatizing—replied by recommending her to go. "It is a strange life yours, my child," he said, at last; "very strange, but the ways of God are unsearchable. . . . Do not seek to scan what the future has in store. . . . God confides this soul to you to save. Go and be her Angel Guardian. You will found [a convent to receive her] if such be the will of God." Accordingly Ismay and Marie Rien set off for England, and began by advertising for a town where two Catholic ladies would be welcomed, who were prepared to start a high school, with a view of forming a religious community later on, if their numbers should increase, and God should bless their work.

The advertisement was answered, and they soon settled down in a "popular seaside resort," which it might not be so difficult to identify, but the name of which, in conformity with

a principle generally followed in this biography, is suppressed. The school, we are told, became a surprising success, but the seeds of disaster were in the community itself. Others had joined Ismay and Marie Rien since their arrival in the town, and these apparently proved satisfactory. It was Marie Rien herself who became the difficulty. Her "sensual nature" relapsed into its old faults, and with gross ingratitude she determined to wreck this infant scheme which had been undertaken at her suggestion and for her sake. It is to her that the authoress attributes a change of feeling towards the little company which the Bishop of the diocese underwent. According to her account, he had encouraged them at first, allowing them to wear a religious habit, and holding out hopes that after a two years' probation, if all went well, he might see his way to giving them an official approval. But prejudiced, so it is suggested, by the misrepresentations of Marie Rien, he quickly came to view them with an unfavourable eye, ordered them to resume their secular dress, and assured them there was no chance of their ever obtaining his approval. The result was that though they continued their school in the seaside resort, they had to carry it on thenceforth merely as any ladies in the world might do. However, they shortly found an opportunity of starting another school elsewhere, where they were able to resume the religious habit, and where also, according to the authoress, they have achieved an educational success. Unfortunately, it was a success accompanied by a severe calamity, for, apparently almost immediately after the foundation of this new house, Ismay fell sick and died.

From this outline it will be seen that there was a decidedly erratic strain in Ismay Oliver's life and character, nor are the facts we have mentioned the only evidence that it was so. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that she was full of vitality, and full of good intentions and generous desires. The authoress, too, must be congratulated on the skill with which she has drawn her picture, for the attention has no temptation to flag while one reads through her pages. Still there is a puzzling question, to which one would like to know the answer. Are we to take her book as a biography or as a fiction, and if the latter, what is its purpose? To judge by the first chapter, one would suppose it to be the history of a real person, for the authoress there gives as her reasons for writing it—"Because many friends have thought that our Mother's life story would be a comfort and encouragement to converts. . . . Because it

will be a comfort and a stay to her children to see, written in black and white, the life that most of them have witnessed. . . . Because it is a pleasure for a child to think of and write about its mother." The book, too, reads like a biography. On the other hand, the suppression of names and dates, which is quite after the manner of fiction, seems inexplicable in the record of a real life, and there is an air of unreality about many of the incidents and conversations. These are points of internal evidence, but beyond them there is, unless we are misinformed, this perplexing circumstance. Miss Kershaw, the authoress, has generally been supposed to be herself the foundress of the "English Apostolines," and is certainly the person who has had some, if not all of the experiences which in the book are attributed to Ismay Oliver. It seems, indeed, altogether too funny to suppose that a lady would write her own life, under the cover of a device attributing it all to another and quite imaginary person, awarding to this imaginary person the homage of a lavish praise, and finishing by killing her off by a most pious and edifying death. But, on the other hand, if Ismay Oliver was a person other than the authoress, has any one come in contact with her in the scenes where she is described as having taken so leading a part? It ought not to be so difficult to say, for according to the book, she died quite recently, apparently within the last two years. But meanwhile the puzzled reviewer cannot help asking, Is the book before him history, or is it hysteria?

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

What is Liberalism? (Herder) is a translation by Dr. Condé Pallen, of a Spanish treatise entitled, *El Liberalismo es Pecado*, and written by Don Felix Sarda y Salvany; or, rather, it is not precisely a translation, but, to some extent, an "adaptation to American conditions," as we learn from the Preface, from which Preface we also learn that the Spanish original was denounced to the Congregation of the Index, but with the result of eliciting therefrom a special approbation. The term "Liberalism" has a different meaning in England from what it bears on the Continent, where it denotes a class of opinions on religion, not

on politics. Even abroad it is doubtlessly understood differently by different persons, many being taken in by its etymological signification. How else can one explain the strange compound "Liberal-Catholic"? For Liberalism, in the sense in which it is understood by its chief adherents, and referred to more than once in Papal Letters—and, we may add, by Cardinal Newman, in his Address at Rome on receiving the red biretta—is the direct opposite of Catholicism. This is clearly expounded by Don Sarda, whose treatise may be read with profit. At the same time it seems to us a pity it was translated, and still more that it was so imperfectly "adapted to American conditions." Don Sarda doubtless knew his own countrymen, but his style and mode of presenting his arguments are, we fear, likely to prove irritating rather than convincing to American, or, at all events, to English readers; nor can it without injustice be said of the latter that there can be no "Liberals" among them who are in good faith.

The name of St. Vincent Ferrer is familiar to every Catholic as one of the most wonderful among the saints for the miracles that he worked, but there are comparatively few who know that he was the author of some ascetical writings of the greatest practical utility to those who are striving after perfection. They are very short, but contain in them a treasure of Divine wisdom, and he who carries them into practice cannot fail to climb speedily the mount of sanctity. The first part of (*Opuscula Ascetica S. Vincentii Ferrerii. Accedit de Adhaerendo Deo Aureus Libellus. Editio nova*) the little treatise which Father Rousset, O.P., has published (Lethielleux, Paris), lays down the principles of the spiritual life; the second sets forth the way to practise it, and the third is a summary of the doctrine of perfection. To these is added a short treatise by Albert the Great, on close union with God (*De adhaerendo Deo*), which bears the name of the golden little book (*Aureus Libellus*). We recommend to priests and Religious this convenient little volume as well suited for spiritual reading.

The Life of Jesus Christ as the pattern and model of our life on earth is of all subjects of meditation the most fruitful to the soul, and we cannot have it too often brought before us, or under too many different aspects. In *Nazareth ou La Famille de Dieu dans l'Humanité* (Lethielleux), Father Dechevrens shows how intimately and inseparably our spiritual life depends on the doctrine of the Incarnation, and the countless lessons that

we learn from it. He begins by treating of the nature of our sonship, and the Divine plan by which it has been brought about. In the second volume he passes on to the practical effects that ought to follow in our own lives from our being the sons of God and the adopted brethren of Jesus Christ, and traces out in detail the characteristics of a life of perfection, and the various degrees of perfection to which we may hope by God's mercy to attain. The book is one that can scarcely fail to give to the reader a clearer knowledge of what is contained in the title of "sons of God," and to increase in every man of good will the desire to advance in the road that leads to sanctity.

The young people who read *Three Daughters of the United Kingdom* will receive favourably and be pleased with Mrs. Innes Browne's *Honour without Renown* (Burns and Oates). It is a sequel to the former story, carrying on the history of the three former school friends. Perhaps the high-life colouring is dashed on with too thick a brush, and one does not know what the Home Secretary would say to the free and easy manner in which unauthorized persons are made to enter Her Majesty's convict prisons to release the victims of miscarriage of justice. Still the authoress knows how to tell a story, and introduces some pathetic scenes during the second Reign of Terror, at Paris, in 1870.

For the French Lilies, by Isabel Nixon Whiteley (Herder), is a story, the scene of which is laid in Lombardy, during the time of the French invasion under Louis XII. The descriptions are good, and the spirit of the times is fairly well caught, though the story itself is somewhat thin.

Madame Belloc, in *The Flowing Tide* (Sands and Co.), puts together an account of Catholic progress during the last half century. There are some slight personal recollections, but, mostly, the authoress draws from already published sources. Still, she brings together in this way a matter otherwise widely scattered, and presents a pleasant picture of what has been done in the way of Catholic progress in England, Ireland, and France during the period in question. The portion concerned with the part played in the Catholic revival by Madame de Swetchine, Lacordaire, and other notable French Catholics who are associated with them, will be found of most interest, as being less known to English readers.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

LES ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (August 5 and 20.)

The "University Foundation" of Belleville. *P. Dudon*. St. John Baptist de la Salle. *J. Bainzel*. The Salon Pasteur at the Paris Exhibition. *H. Martin*. Old Paris at the Exhibition. *H. Chérot*. The Boxers. *J. Mangin*. St. Ambrose. *J. Brucker* and *A. Lapôtre*. The French Colonies at the Exhibition. *H. Prélôt*. Contemporary Ethics. *L. Roure*. The Missions of Asia. *P. Dudon*. The Congress of Comparative History. *H. Chérot*. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (August 4 and 18.)

The Celestial Empire. St. John Baptist de la Salle and Popular Instruction. Christian Marriage and the Italian Senate. The Protestantism of the Present Day. The Assassination of Monza. Paul the Deacon. Cardinal Consalvi in Paris (1801). A New History of Architecture. The Curia Senatus and the Church of St. Adrian.

DER KATHOLIK. (August.)

Two Documents on the Religious Practice of Christian Soldiers in Early Times. *Dr. K. Künstle*. Paulsen and the Contradiction between Science and Faith. *Dr. Kneib*. Wessel Gansfort, his Life and Teaching. *Dr. N. Paulus*. Woven Fabrics and Embroidery. *Dr. Rody*.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (August.)

The last Veteran of the Catholic Separation. *O. Pfülf*. Alexander Volta. *C. Kneller*. The Shifting of Creeds in Modern Germany. *H. A. Krose*. Liturgical Vestments of the Oriental Rites. *J. Braun*. Diebold's Oratorio, "Boniface." *Th. Schmid*. Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (August.)

The "Crowning" of Holy Pictures and Statues. Cosmopolitism. *Abbé Delfour*. The Beginning of Time. *F. de Curley*. The Triple Alliance. *Comte J. Grabinski*. Recent Literature in Theology, Scripture, and Archæology. *E. Jacquier*.

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (August.)

Rural Hospitals and Infirmaries. *J. Buse*. The Poetry of the Boers. *L. Van Keymeulen*. Oberammergau. *C. Van Lerberghe*. Old Age Pensions. *Ch. Dejace*. Belgium at the Paris Exhibition. *F. Bournand*. Foreign Diplomats and old French Society. *Victor du Bled*. The Chinese Question. *J. B. Steenackers*. Prose Poems. *G. Max*.

